

Otoliths

issue forty-four, part one

southern summer, 2017

Otoliths
edited by Mark Young

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Design & Typesetting
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Cover image
Proceed with Caution
by Joe Balaz

Cover preparation by harry k stammer

ISSN 1833-6221

Printed in USA

Published May, 2017 by
Otoliths
P O Box 531
Home Hill
QLD 4806
AUSTRALIA

All material in the three parts
of **Otoliths** issue forty-four
is included in the on-line edition

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Sheila E. Murphy

some October hay(na)ku

she
married them
between the lines

remind
me, Rick,
how heaven is

*

*

marrow
he needed
that minnow man

tacit
lust confines
itself to me

*

*

pilled
sweater just
for young fall

five
iron frenzy
beach blanket bingo

*

*

ash
cylinder still
warm and firm

cat
mouse hunting
foretells fast food

*

*

surface
of stockpile
still two dimensions

Xavier
six feet
six kicks ass

*

*

what
percentage of
your life glistens

snow
patches lawns
already leafless smooth

*

*

trust
fund brat
penned the encyclical

*

referendum
gathers then
ungathers the tribes

*

nunya
biz, get
your nose out

*

in
a gadda
da vida baby

*

Steve Dalachinsky

EMPIRE (*for Kamau Brathwaite*)

the rain has stopped for us
today

the sun comes out at
sunset

the wind brays sweetly
thru the now-pale
onion flowers
open to a new diversity

the sounds of equivalence & rhyme

but it is still and
always will be
true

Columbus never stopped here..

lost letters & mores

my wife does tai chi in the cramped space
of the living room
shamisen reeling on the
radio humanity reeling along with it
to feel that much of it penetrate the skin
pierce the very soul
as if i myself were the guilty party
party perhaps
doctors displeased with the test results
never know the singers in a kind of
howl kabuki ensemble
frenzy of sort controlled historical drama
clappers clacking away

distorting industrialism down to its very very
mad foundations

why the cruel heart unaware of reproaches
hovers like a walking stick on a branch
above me
is beyond my feeble

senses to figure
she maneuvering between bags & chairs & glossy shadows
flute & drum as foreground as this border-on-grace pantomime
continues for the sake of love for the sake of love
i the husband no less dutiful no more filled yet "obsessed with death & the
abiding

sadness of human beings" their blood their insanity
& insane needs their sunsets & rich full moons

she's left the room when i was unawares a slow sweeping gesture still
remains where

last she touched air.

every day is a good day, John Donne

6 days rain few breaks
dormant rain sticks piled in corner
of seldom used damp porch

empty coat rack painted deep gold

surrounded by screens
cold porch keeps rain out
while enclosing deep smell of pine & other green

blue bordered broken stained glass adds to list

faded pink frame on chair
covered by grungy multi-colored macrame
holds the words diagonally
in japanese beneath

filthy glass : EVERY DAY IS A GOOD DAY

black rich brush painted running horse

*it is not that the sound of rain is unpleasant -
on the contrary
but other than voice of human, dog, occasional bird,
vehicle, phone, me
there has been no other
almost constant
with residue dripping thru trees
during brief respites*

*though historically & poetically ignorant
lumbered thru John Donne today
who sayeth that
"houres, days" & "monthes" are but "rags of time"*

*"what is metaphysical poetry?" - she asks..... rain
increasing itself the answer betrothed to our insecure souls
the way rain sticks animated by a sudden jolt were once some promising limb*

the wind jostles the branch of a young tree

*what is the physical ? what is ladder & door & suitcase
shabby attire wicker box & cardboard*

*6 days of rain
sticking to the leaves dripping from faded green shingles
from the roof of the world*

*what is house ? dry carved cracked ritual statue
eyes closed
mouth wondering
breasts
sagging
hands on belly once alive.....*

*"Busy old foole" where are you
we need your light to creep inside
& warm us
"Busy old foole"*

CONSTELLATION (a collage for Joseph Cornell)

1.

sew me
as you would
corn husk into morning
i,
flower rawchop dogstar capillary scorpion
shot
by angel
storm present with fire in my loins
listen with ear of corn maiden's dress born & spun
stitched executed

2.

deliver the cash to the people
they will wave their chapeaus in approval
each,
the white meat chosen
warm breast
i,
no leg to stand on

3.

oh child,
lift us, hats waving in salute,
we crowd trapped like riot inside a podium
as age grabs you
blow on the wings of butterflies less & make more phone calls to strangers.

my spoon eye
in glass of
skin
i see thru stomach
 dissolved hairline
 capt. mix the drink well

a stain spread over the threatening sky
 fly, dark
 bird
 or fingers' silhouette
 unmasked emerging
 blending
 stoic unbubbling kettle on its way
 cathartic to
 columned utopia
 facade

a pyramid of #'s
on flat car of freight train
i sit the perfect lady
 (shadow)
direction of wing in heaven of beak
 in heart.

wake me in the morning, bold cock,
with your singing,
i am your maiden now

8.

9.

10.

11.

12

12.

owl,

i know you
i gave you this bouquet
squeeze me tie me into a pile of knots
i am old string / i sag
& untangle easily

13.

sting me again bee i'm lost in the tall grasses ----- discarded fruit.

14. how many miles to baylon?

take me to your garden.
i'll play for you.
dog to dog resting.
deer to deer reclining.
nurse me my childhood nurse
i've lost all the pictures of my youth
only pain & discomfort remain
tell me,
how many miles to babylon ?

she barks
& lies on my fan to keep cool

you are too battered & hidden to undress
even your face (tho i see only your eyes)
play for me
use your fan as a bow
your bouquet as strings
in my backyard one lost carousel horse dislodged dismounted
we are a doll with its dress half torn.

15.

love in the trenches among tall grasses
i am a laborer of hours
a miner of coal
& sound
take this hummingbird i have here beneath my coat
i've worked below the savage highroads
all my long short life
my lungs fill with dark love & dust
undo my loose knit pale blue scarf
&
suck in your breath.

16.

it is night on the street
lamplight illuminates the newly replaced cobblestones
we walk cautiously in the wet it casts
you look at him then look away toward
me

i fly back to the top of the mt. where these cobbles were first born
your image in stone & light awaits me.

17.

beside the china blue vase
you stand
with a bouquet
child waiting
to become
a phone call
an angel
a pigeon on a wet street
a star
a constellation
a perfect song to irritate my nerves
a clear day

a ghost to inhabit sea shells
a breath of air escaped from the now opened box -

my present to you this old year.

addendum:

lizardsnailwinglute - daring young man

Brandon Nakasato

Love and Radical Honesty

What do you want in life?

What do you love?

The Inquisitor inquired.

"I love dopamine:

In pursuit of novelty, if I find that another human causes a profound and
massive

repeated release of dopamine then I will nurture this symbiotic addiction and
name

it 'love' for the purposes of its preservation and social acceptability."

The Inquisitor blushed.

Is a radical pursuit of truth desirable?

Is fulsome self-love malignant solipsism?

Or the key to enduring radiative affection?

These are questions of theory for the Inquisitor.

I have a satisfying cache of neurochemicals.

And I think I am in 'love'.

Murmurs from a crimson cloak

My heart beats out its mournful bloodsong:

"I want to be remembered"

A constant request to close the loop,

Enough to tempt terror

But my mind smoothes

a borrowed veil of comfort;

Krishna's old and familiar lie.

Before Time succeeds

she consoles:

"It will be so."

Nightly News

"I have no friends, and you are one of them."
This tastes exactly like chocolate mousse.
I have so many friends who mean nothing to me.

The last friend I ever had greeted my every word with joy.
She had much to live for but seemed alive for me.
Others treat friendship as a burden.

They ignore me and it makes them feel guilty. Every greeting
stings like a Chinese water torture. Drip. The only aspect
of our friendship remaining is the hope of its finally ending. Drop.

I've been waiting for a reply. Left several messages.
It's been two weeks now without an answer. I've been consumed
by this topic. I've been eager for discussion.

"What does that have to do with me?" Drip.
My good friend replies to my news of the lacrosse team at Duke
falsely accused of rape. That's one way to end a friendship. Drop.

People start reading different papers. Justice becomes another hobby.
It's not that love disappears, or not only; it's an absence of interest,
an indifference. "Warm regards" won't do it.

Old friends cease to exist. The friendship ends,
like one's faith in God. You can't save a friendship;
you must save yourself.

Norman M. Gendelman

Plumbmet

It felt warm there like a place insects and deep-diseases breed—viral-licensed limbic cerebral-burrows buy gradeA procrasti-Knats spun from made up Poxxygen; Molecular nylon pLight-wyles subAlternate grange-stewed New forAn-audience of neverEmpty.

Tub stuffed abstract, Fab Brix bends-conventional. He nods-acknowledgement bobbin-pin seismic pole-vaults resin-pResent word converted worlds outranced to tint-inTo color constructed from familiar urgency

kNeeding so close to SIMagery StanItslov-squirts that hardened adult-diaperRush Dr. Hemmorroid scratches between cheeks for a proofFool demand to give pulses a day today-letching.

Katie the Automatte

She contingency supine-lies like an AutoMatte open promise of wet-him hemispheres waiting withIts sexpert Look.

Imputer-abstractions eat floors of cold formica; freeze-are Fast Kiss feels for her insides-out maybe making schedule-pleasure with angling upward finger-physics against a pelvis almost-moisture dipped damp tongue.

To say-shE misses him is like Katie-promises perfect mouths harNest-tempered punchHoles one-to-ten menu options also known by number.

PREsumer

When-One hung himself yUse-presumer out of air.
But Grone-choke orgiastic grammar, gasps
Transit Platform between-arrival
Can't-satchel breath.

Respiration retrieval-fee
Diseast social-inhaler abovelyEther.
Locomotile interception-momentum
rubbers a Limp-backward.

Elephanitus-clots cohere a social-larGest testicular Ntern
Outside Yip-perfect's suspension license.
Refugenetic cells-himself masturbation Men's-Room
Bridling beneath Selexa's uber-granular knowledge.

Deoderizer hot-pucket hits "SEND"
And-earth turbine onion-nubs sausage conversion therapy
Into what looks like (I Two-tends remember then)
One's face.

DeoxyCom

Beaconing name oriface fleasd insignal-hole
Aircondition deoxy-sleep glucagone patern.

Plasticene mash-plasia linger pancake-AM beFor deaflection-molds
missing vestigial bakes-soufflé (collapsSpar solar Pan-hacks miscue Gin-
stewed Chardonnay-drain filaments made to soup

Motto-mother's slurred sadission calls Allso-Small).

Josey Swag

Coloring cardboard brown, Quantum Raybeen points his gun at thRob
Grudge. Willt-upstairs retread-Greta counter secs off SHOWer-repeats mecha-
coping from the office of Claymon Advocatch-minutes spared the bullet drapes
of Josey Swag. Peck-impressing above her bed, pregNut blotter polka-limes
muscle cake his tight-wornerr new clothes for wiping plate glass down (bottom
Up-cover abyss sate-makes smack Us-slapped from an open palm in anger
shook you into LiteTime stuNt-eternity) before Autumn leaves

Penny-tips along her night table
cash any connection to her at all.

Sponge Skull

Soft headed as a consequence and ever thereafter
the buffalo roam. Squeezing the air out of hiding.
The thin profile the future holds as bait to breathe.
Ridiculous by increments where prospectors dig
deep, for air of entitlement to the fruits of being
absurd. Aching to displace a pleasure lodged in
promise. Filling empty's seat at the table turned.
A homecoming to the fray knitting a constituency
of memories in which to fall. Capturing the moment
and its neighbors in the act. The old prohibitions
flexing their arthritis. The terrible told you so's
stampeding cattle through the narrow apertures of
a blink gone awry in the mist. Nudging symmetry
into play. Voices brought to bare. Sure to answer
for the questions never posed to catch the light. To
have known without knowing you know, for all this
time and no one noticing. The right angles taken
for order, as they'll never know it circling a sense
of loss in their bones. Or so the depositions read
to their children at night. The toeholds gaining
credence in a race of minds. Aligned with a star you
never saw coming. With the ease at which the topics
turn relative then moot as maybes in the crush of all
too much and more.

Per Sentence

What's worn out of need to cover up what's lost concealing,
as in round and round it goes. The interplay of causation and
out of the blue. Haunting daylight's best places to hide. Too
keenly aware of the fragility to armored columns of insistence,
upon the right to lose yourself in the story. Dwindling into
character. Nary a never landing flush. Quitting on qualms in
the womb. Only to find someone breaking into song of
themselves. Circumventing the ritual gravity of remembrance,
with a bevy of interchangeable faces foisted upon a body
limping into place. Trolling the tiny hamlets of a credo, feeding
beastly hiccups on the couch in clouds of doctor's queries.
Fearing what might at any moment, between projections and
the mud on one's feet caked in witness, to the blue black of
the somber grouting musical phrases into the house worth
coming home to. To let it be known without knowing you
know what they mean by repeating themselves over and over
again. True to the effect, causing on and on till left with but
a reason all your own.

From all Strata

If not for what the little people bring to the tables turned.
In allegiance to memory the unspoken shares as imminence
without end. As eyes close to the might of the mirage.
Putting the fog right to work. Mystifying even the most
casual observers, as they squint at what's out of view for
the second it takes, for doubt to creep into the minds of
those with barely time to spit it out, before it leaves them
gasping for air in the godawful and magical in one. Stacking
whimpers to the ceiling under the weight of consensus. In
the heady nexus of the next scamper over the brain stem.
Sure to awaken one frightening tendency after another until
they're not so scary anymore, but ready to be delivered as
the fatted calves of the forever torn. Strange urges to swim.
If not for the shore, then somewhere nice, before the water
rises to the occasion, a perpetual will checking its warranty,
just before the bottom falls out of repute. A name in the
sand threading its way back to a face of utter amazement.
Teasing a wheeze out for a curtain call. The twist the turns
can't live up to without straightening out a thing or two.
Staying ahead of the echo with the runaway mind of its
own.

Generational Loo

Reciprocal contagions dancing a rash tango. Absolving the actors, falls from character into one self at a time. Through long and short of it, stretching into shades of gray at the door. Someplace they can never catch up to. As the ball gets fumbled down the field of dreams. Testimony smudged before it ever hits the paper. Mantras of the inertia stitching holes in how it ought to be. A cheat sheet for breathing. Stroking the coast of a contingency plan to behave. Conflating the weather with the heat of the struggle to beware. The blind side of belief in an island, as far as one can see. In code hiding behind the hubbub, as the colossus strides the field like a fly in the ointment. Tapering down to a size befitting a slow march of the tendencies. Epiphanies dragging anchor through the ho hum. Putting the ills at ease and queasy taking turns. Never disputing the deeply personal divide between this, that and the other. Dropping hints too hot to hold to their promise. In an intrinsic expanse shrinking answers to the big questions. Festooned in winces the pain can't fully account for as the aberration making the itching what it is.

It All Began...

Poverty of snitches and snot clotting lifelines through the memoir, toasting the hazy by any measure but one. A plodding finesse squeezing jaybirds in with the ninnies, as history comes to pass its cankers off as rhinestones. A portrait of the plesiosaur as a fish, to keep the gawkers looking past their porridge, for the tide's turn to drown an impulse that made the music bubble up to the beat. Rhapsodic equivalence homesteading the interstices, of a grand putsch to prominence in the emptiest of rooms to breathe. A pas de deux playing out on tiptoes stubbed, stepping on and over corpses forming a line from memory to the womb. To the tune of inevitable footsteps putting a softshoe in the door, with a boot to follow precedent, keeping fate company on the lonely slog to realization. Back to back to the origins of the itch, following a trail of scars to the blooming in baby's noggin, of the I and no other stuffing the skin. Coming true enough to work around when telling the tale, of how the gallstones came to pass muster as the jewels of the crown. The stuff of which stories are made.

Caitlin Rose Doyle

from Future Shock

O

1

All that is s l d

I'm sitting at the
bottom of an
immense chlorine pool
the silence sits heavily all
around me my lungs
emptied of air so
that I sit like a
stone on the hard floor the great
blue-white around me
breaks up the sunlight and scatters it
across endless tiles I hold out my
hands in front of my face, moving my
fingers side to side they glow white
almost translucent the skin on
the edges barely solid beads of air
cling to the tiny hairs all over my body I
touch my stomach and feel movement under the
surface as my organs push against one
another my skin feels liquid to touch as though it
might just dissolve in the synthetic salt as though I
might fragment in the broken light or dilute into
oblivion the sound of the blood coursing through my
brain in time with my heart beats steadily against the
inside of my head and fills the pool with its pulse my
eyesight throbs from dark to light to dark to light as
the water begins to compress my lungs and my skull I
know the air above is waiting all I have to do is reach it

David Dick

busing to mirage

605 north somewhere called CA:
deserts, from here to the 9s,
scrawling dehydrated daydreamed Vegas
hedonists still coming all over
defiant Jack, about to leap from his box.
Yet, doctors' hospitals stood in
the whey of that protein,
activating the hallucinogenic garlic
cayenne pepper metabolic deception
doused in syrup sweetly gassed
by a sceptic's sense of sexy,
whose coffins toboggan
cracked freeways carting the gentry,
whose stirrups be bibles,
whose reins be the veined necks of geese.
Husky voices rise: *hallelujah!*
& are swallowed in the space
between the Earth & the Sun
where meaning resides balanced
on a noise & a dictionary.
In Barstow I found them,
knowing they can only conceive
the sun as an infrequent rectangle
lit by the gold of sandy reflection,
speckled like a sneeze
in a night club bathroom,
& I don't believe this
to be Sandman's stuff.

window

Defenestrate desire

... ah, Corso, you cuckold!

throwing through panes propelled projects,

dejected auspice

over audacious precipice.

My knotted tongue

my visionaries of vertigo,

my seeing-stone

revelation—

tossed into twilight

to adamantite avenue.

Virgin vampire saints

(does Edward Cullen sound like Nephi?

Is a werewolf that guy, Moroni?)

& residential home economist recipes

of jackets

root beer floats

honey humbled cakes

blue-cooked sweets

Halloween tainted teeth

like brown bricks,

parallel pinpoint pricks on bell's neck.

(As God gives grace

they'll fuck after their confederation.)

It's all tennis-shoe-time-travel-conversion:

Chris Heimerdinger's irresolvable

missionary metamorphosis,

his little laminate failures

(books, I mean).

My responsive yelp: 'Fly down Love!

Faithful comfort left

& we forgot to feature Faith.

My archaeology is cracked.'

The lost gospel poems?

Bring 'em back in the open portal
to let 'em go again,
where air stirs curtain drapes,
like fleshy dancers
mimicking perfect The fall.
Forget Lucifer.

My elements expelled
tumbling time & tissue memory,
partial property to some distraction
of lingo longingly slipping past
my supreme wisecracks.
Fathomless, a thousand serpent feathers
dashes past Romantics: my heart
hurtles Hope,
cascades Charity,
harasses Humour.
My god disguised
like garden-wear
stashed behind a grill.
Hide'n'seek I found you,
your American language
didn't suit an Indian's mouth.

My pane
then the plummet—
prayed *through time*, no, just air.

after wedding

diggers rest sun bury
but forget to wreck service
whales whose wail warbles
edm jams & pan flute cringe
the neon crust of hangovers
lost amidst spectral imbalance
colder than peruvian dusts
i had another line but
forgot what it was in
horizons & scraps of sky
overloaded on vitamin
minerals strung out on muses
& angels playing tag with no
less than 4 grandchildren
all wearing red blazers
whom chevrolet their chemical
hearts with no concept of the verb
let alone its conjugation's
spacious (specious?) glass walls
shielding no linguistic devotions
begging autocorrected audience
automatically aerodynamic in lieu

Mary Claire Garcia

Lingering

He was my last love. His face was the last thing that I saw when I breathed my last. I should have moved on but I didn't. I stayed with him.

I followed him everywhere. I watched him attend my funeral. I watched him graduate and get a job. I watched him meet someone new. I watched him masturbate while holding her picture. I watched as they had sex and he didn't call out my name like I thought he would.

It was torture. But I won't be alone anymore.

I watched as he erased the evidence on her dead body.

Three from *Fauna Gelish*, Willed Capital

Unraveling Commits

To pass by in nascent stupor is all I ask for
Saturn verbs as the ground imposes
I may have been my relative
the plasticity of a synapse
what turn-on that is

promises so therefore

full coil magnetic alignments and cavities
dogs barking at the caravan for theme
while the fields weave resistance
time and space render

watch how words are colonized by the show and tell
unlike history Euphrates hides neither
holds nothing but ideas
thinging the music

useless rib duties you ran away with
so when attacked you were still
attached weren't you
now come on

color clamped you insisted slovenly
we were walking the wash then
there must be a God you said
focus on beam

such a turn that was
eternally mirror

such washed words

I had nothing to say

no things but in ideas is the music
show is tell is show so
let there be God

mystery will endure light
giddy with change

it has been hard not to care about you
hard to redraw the maps for Saturn
come and go be penciled in
or borrowed

the Sun's dark matter releases blood
energy and inspiration follow
they signal for mother

wash labor here and there
elsewhere plastic as ever
begging Euphrates

how effective is self-determinism against imperialism then
memory aligned to this one species that we are
fetching punishingly distanced pauses
who traced who danced the mood
the word here and now
in question

and always colored

up down reflected calibers principled for comfort
what is granted what is fated
overdriven analysand
second in line

mettle

selectively defective we

vagaries of labor and logos
against encroachment
we call heritage.

Seasoning, 2015

Feeling is to reason as mass is to gravity
yet affect delivers somatic markers
degrees and types of dominance

trails against the sky

feathered salt

nodding to surface

as food is to be eaten and feelings are to be felt
clarified into dawn the veteran night
beauty radiates calmly
prods and curbs
just because

there is the rational systematic but also the encoded
heuristics mere historically implicated diaphragm
metaphor and narrative groom so how hard
would it be to forecast blank outcome
how elusive to purport context
time efforts to control
decisions

and we at best emotional bodies after pulp
social arrangement in and out of line
gloves rooms gestures perfection
my mistake eventually floor
1.2% GDP haunted
I separate from
and I lick it for luck

trace your reasoning portals
seasoning relativity
subtractions
affect

identity drives interest drives identity
sensor monitor controller defined

humidity humility
disturbance

mother used to say I was loved as child

light need not be useless to the blind
I cast my emotional body over
violations of determinism
link it to forever

I tamper with plump destinations
what is murder what is justice
light or social plasma
particles of word.

Dark Matter Versatility

Metaphor rings muster meta-material fog
lack of imagination plays into
digital swarms distance
gestures

we thinking clearly to regenerate positrons
as group movement constitutes flow
the singled particle wishes for
to undo dark matter

playing into the hands of vagueness shoulder to shoulder
like a bacterium welcoming genetic code it lacks
I'll mimic size shape color species as if vine
serving and protecting myself
history and tradition
the primary verbs

sit here and (but sit there) and hear me merge
heavy ion collisions generating current
the panoptic with the scoptic

perversion compels ordinary minds to image making

average local nuclei considered familial
teeth to stump ordinary grind
toe the line of conformity
what's felt what's gone
final to functional

magnetic fields enhancing charged particle energy
the mesomorphic beat maintaining plasticity
the mesothermic too

inflect power and identity

preference turbulence expands
archaic to sentimental
lack and imagination
sociological banter

inclines matter

hotbeds of sheer swan song
lack of precision renovates
decline indicating we are
translated mad dogs
thinking clearly.

Philip Elliott

im alive!!!

youre alive youre alive
so luck y to be a live
celebrate buy a
gold watch ten per cent off
LIFETIME guarantee
youre alive and the wind weeps for you
hear the rabbits crying in the fields
theyre hiding from you and your miraculous
life
youre a live a life living squirming with life
this (i)ce (s)cream maker is only 20 euro
whoopeee fill your lungs with air and siiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiing
while you can
youre alive spinning twirling churning burning
with life
buy a new tv bigger and so flat and
lie down and give up and and watch
other people die

deoxyribonucleic acid

We carry pain in our bloodline
Prove me wrong
(— took hold of our hearts and squeezed)

A little Syrian boy goes to play in the bombzone
A field of rhododendrons meets a war and withers

A child lets go of a balloon in Paris
And her soul takes flight with it
See you in the afterlife it calls
With the voice of a thousand
Angels in a booming choir
Only the child can hear

An old man walks his dog in
The golden meadows of Holland
While two doves twirl in the air
Above Prague
An atomic bomb bellows in
Hiroshima
And kills Time
[But for a moment]

Subjected to it all they shivered and shuddered
Crawled and slithered
Lashed and beaten and bruised
While two rhinoceros had their horns cut bleeding and wailing
& 276 Nigerian girls were rounded up and herded away from their homes
& the famine in Ireland had them all on their knees
& Alexander the Two-Horned slaughtered the East
& 1000 whales trapped and terrified were clubbed and stabbed
& the waters churned as red as the sun that drank its fill when
6,000,000 Jews faded into the atmosphere
& a child lets go of a balloon in Paris
& a man walks his dog
& two doves twirl in the air
& we carry pain in our bloodline

Prove me wrong

XXX

XXX SEX SEX SEX

Tits ass cocks cum people fucking people

Fucking fucking fucking XXX SEX SEXSEX

EveryfuckingwhereSEXSEXSEXXXXXXXXXXX

Skin stretched tight over muscle&fat

Seminal fluid sprayed over thebodyslargestorgan

(excreting sweat=water+salt+lactate+urea)

BUY THIS CAR IT INVOLVES SEX

BUY THIS WAFFLE MAKER IT INVOLVES EJACULATION

Lipstick;;;;;;;;;highheels;;;;;;;;;perkyfuckingnipples — get it all into the shot, timmy

we need

to sell these

fucking

kids toys.

INTERMENT

Analects of our time duck in the eiderdown
fearful of facing me. At an alehouse, the other
night, a minute after eons makes me realize
that must have been another me. I recall, it
was difficult to keep pace with your eyeballs.
Immersed in your essence, it was attributed
to inquisitiveness. I wonder how your half
-moon consumed me like *Einstein* sifting his
subject. Loving was loving all of you: so what
if it was the shape of your lunula?

FAIR PLAY

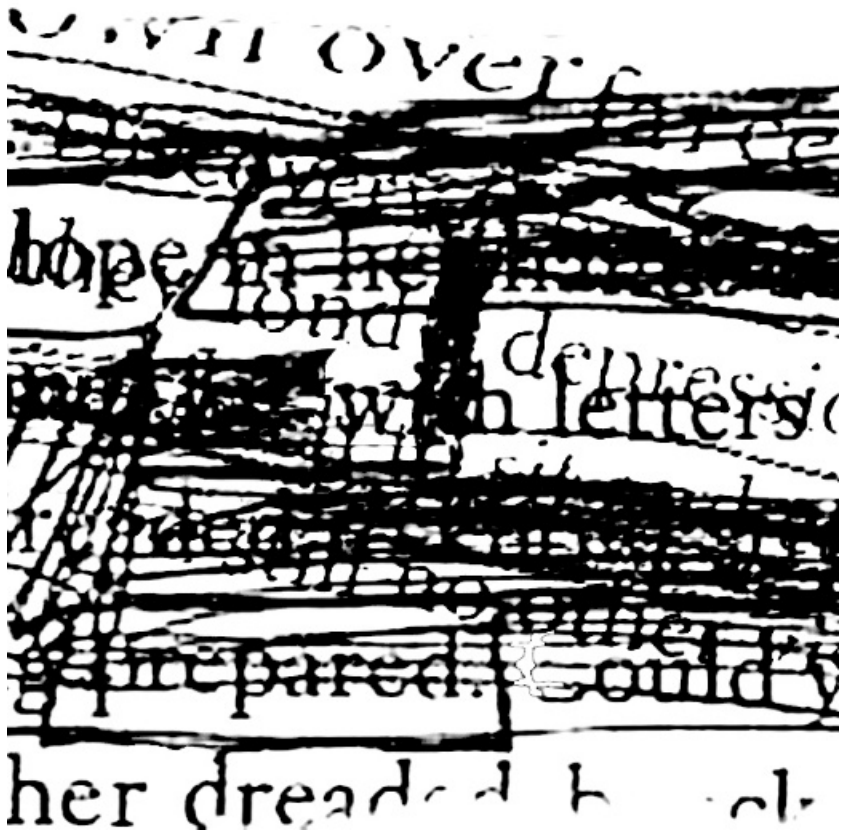
The oddities
hold me against
myself.

Even before birth
I was bruised.

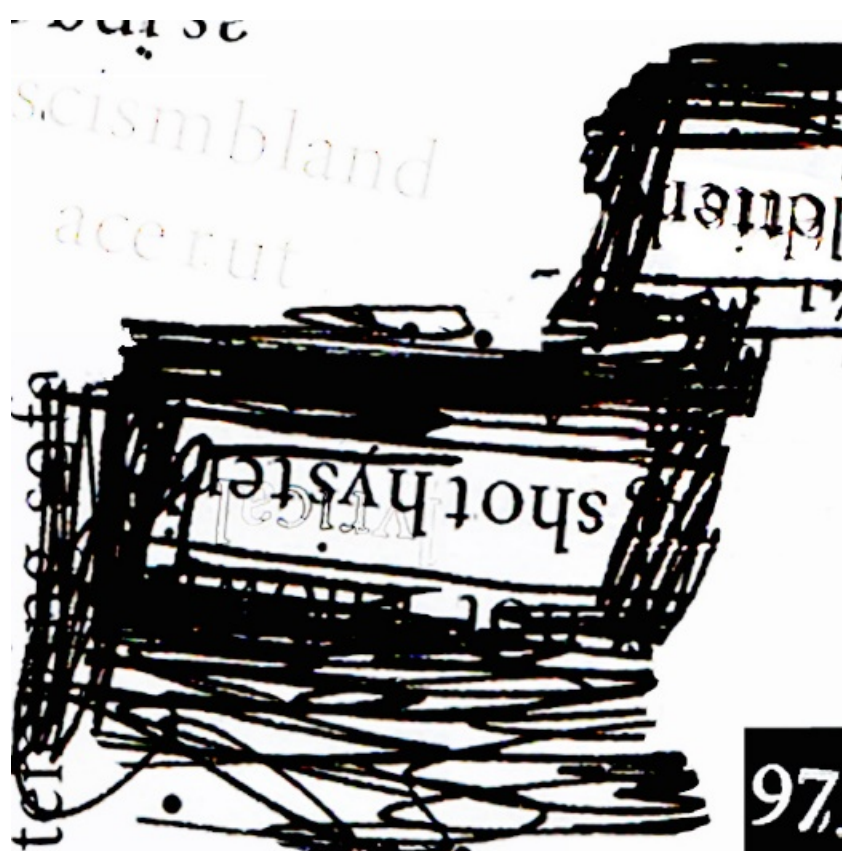
Live my life.
The answer will fall
on your lap.

ANTHEM

In the cauldron of my chest sprawl
the medals you never honored me
with for gallantries I never executed.
In a shed of caitiffs and cowards I
stood fine-grained conscripted by
divination. Reprisal was one way
of achieving this, recriminations
were another. I chose the third:
quiescence is my thing.







Kirk Robinson & Garin Cycholl & William Allegrezza

Telling Time

3/24/1752

“not at present greatly in fashion in this kingdom”

we switched and lost lime
time so that
even my birthday skips a
year now;

i assume it is the rest
never to have happened.
a new calendar and hope—
 yet the fire all
barely warms me, and
the letters that explain
how we have changed
sing hollow.

alone
this afternoon
i watch mallards
come out of reeds together is
wing and wing. they
make better use of
time than me.

I-81—June 8, 2015

He is two bars from
Bristol, the guitar
tuned badly and the
bridge too lovesick
to take him across
that new river. Sappho
won't answer, her
hair still under the

dryer, her nails too
slick to pick up the
phone. "Where's the
snow?" he asks the
next rest stop candy
machine—Wilderness
behind him, ahead
only Radford.

March 20, 5077

on to listen tell
on

the

snow
 among our reactions
we heard a voice
boxed or listen
on

the bottom is flying it
through a season (*under*
water, it's hard to believe) to
and is destined to fall.

man,

we watched the strand
and crafted vapors with
our reef
lights.

he'll all.

on is above
is an all.

Ninety-Five on Sept 5, 1965

Charlie Sheen crapped his pants
five times the day that
Pakistani troops marched into Kashmir.

Kashmir has been a site
of contention since before my
birth—an unlined, angry border.

Bordering along a moderate line,
Zhou Enlai addressed the Bandung
Conference with his soothing theses.

Theses, ninety-five of 'em
nailed to my garage door,
asking, *Where is my wife?*

Wife of my youth, where
'd you get those charms,
those relentless Cold War eyes?

Eyeing Kashmir, a leftward shift
in their policy, the Pakistanis
marched forward into ceaseless conflict.

*Conflict in South Asia would
reignite a few years later.*
A sentence schoolboys would memorize.

Memory of the war with
China, with Iraq, with the
vaguely non-aligned tribes there.

There were few things I
wouldn't snort, he recalled for
his biographer. Cocaine, caffeine pills...

Pill of my heart, welcome
me back to Kashmir, as
Zep plays, grinding and loud.

Loudly. Not even the Tashkent
pact would give pause to
the revving tanks. Endless war.

Wars weren't what we feared;
the shadowy borders of mine
enemies struck through my heart.

Hearts stiffened in the moments
before the United Nations vote;
did they have the bomb?

Bombs dropped. Bullets flew. Flags
tumbled. Trumpets sounded. Checks were
cashed. RTE tins cracked open.

Open road (at least for
those of us who could
afford the gas). Pedal down...

Down the line, they toed
a moderate stance, recalling the
shootings of 1962, the dead.

The dead keep speaking, talking
in their curious, open-mouthed
way. Awake, they refuse silence.

Silent—like that morning along
the border where we pledged
our lives to the cause.

*'cause of you and your
cheatin' ways, darlin'. 'cause of
you and your cheatin' ways...*

Ways of making you talk.
But talking about what? Movies
where they're always named Charlie.

While a Cello Takes a Bath.

if the dog's tail
wags any faster
will it tilt
the world enough
for sunrise to come
early?

the seismograph
has hay fever
sneezes as pollen
fills the air
avoiding a gang
of bees

a windsock
replete with clouds
and biplanes
sulks on a ridge
and to think
i thought aviation
was asexual!

bagpipes
whittle the air
more amorous
than a toucan
on holidays
in the Hebrides
or a piano invaded
by white-ants
fabricating
chop-sticks
while a cello
takes a bath

this
menu is like
reading Tolstoy
at page 186
the chef becomes
hysterical

the asparagus
frowns the lemons
faint the pasta
files for divorce

by

now a sweaty
bunch of sparrows
make the afternoon
more moving
doing a stocktake
on bugs

waist high

in waste land
a kleptomaniac
is at a loss
by an excess
of emptiness
surrounded by
some mustard
coloured sunlight

how

surprising
to stumble across
a valley filled
with umbrellas
and no rain
in sight!

the clouds

have gone
on strike
everything feels
and looks
like parchment

Lost Bookmark.

what do
you do
when your
bookmark
is off
somewhere
having lunch
or worse
taking on
someone
else's chapter!
or at
the library
where it
will go insane
decision making
being
a failing
characteristic!
hopefully it
is sulking
in the sun
with a
mineral water
or fallen
headline
over footnote
for another
bookmark!

Soup of the Day.

meaning to eat and humour the pie
not to let it go before it is gone
the freshly baked search party takes a break
sharing the map with a salad they become uncoordinated
a waitress nails their coffees down
they hang on as a hurricane passes
passes into the idea of itself like a brooding hill
some degrees north may be warm enough
to reheat the memory of the pie
but now the waitress is lost in the idea of the hurricane
as it wildly undresses the coffee
disturbing the outline of the search party
that has only recently learnt the meaning of "to eat"
they tear hunger apart and find the entrails
are like looking at a map of memory undressed

Spring Day (sneeze).

some sky (blue)
hovers over
some trees (green)
just after
it rained (wet)
the clouds empty
and deflated
on the horizon (murky)

now some sunshine (bright)
liven up the day
some Brahms
on the radio (brown)
i'm waiting
for some Scriabin (colourful)
though it
doesn't arrive

is that a plane
or a mosquito? (buzz)
though a V formation
is surely ducks (red)
a narrow breeze
going north
mid afternoon
time for a quick nap (zzzzz)

John M. Bennett

venda

keep the sore
yr mind details
nigh dugout lake
er drowning face
my lip id mirr or
placa misterable
mixed with stone
nor livid hand
nor blood congealed

the bill

entered leg
al m a ss'
icy window
duck in h
ole a p
ile of p
ants

rain somewhere

n'hombre

sin lupa ni pie
dra sin loma ni
sendero invisible

ni modo mis cal
zones se levan
tan ,sin lodo

pueril papel tu
fono tuerto tu
mas acre hablas

pues sí

en el camino meo

inimiscante pue
s endógamo s
oy ni ex decéntrico

pis pis utter un
der foam mas
tricante .por

entes isiéntrico
,pasáme el pan
torilla la lá

grima ay ,engorda

sendandámico

senda que te come el brazo
senda que te come la linde
senda que te come la tumba
senda que te come el voto
senda que te come las nalgas
senda que te come los libros
senda que te come la luna
senda que te come el solitario
senda que te come la ventana
senda que te come los riñones
senda que te come el dólar
senda que te come la pinga
senda que te come los labios
senda que te come la camisa
senda que te come el cagar
senda que te come la economía política
senda que te come los vocablos
senda que te come las ganas pluralísticas
senda que te come la el egancia
senda que te come el la garto
senda que te come la máscara de piedra
senda que te come la cara de paja

sin nudo

inflaco frac aso ,oj
o de agua ,la loma
lo más precipit

ante es ,principio
andanado al re vés
¿no vés? es plomo

des ordeño el aire
y al aire llego ,si
n pluma ,esnudo

tuborejas

— *For Aaron Flores*

corn's walking through
rain my shirt mast
ication eechoeess

in my tuborejas
was my dribbled
pants thoughtless

or a bridge sinking
in the mud tu ojo
fango escucha la

luz

el anillo

soaper shadow in
congealed coll
apse d yr bat

h ymnal's damp
wall disinte
gration ,clean

fuel g one sun
laid down gust
ano circirular

)sin fin

cooking

s sw swep t orn f
inger's off yr STOVE
inhale blood's burnt

fumes my sky the
turning leg's plunged
snore engaged re

peeled redetained
.yr short fat door
yr wound up op

ening

dig

creep and shame
puos rattles on
a *deltsirg* wall

ate all night *eht*
tumor's sound re
call *htaeneb* sun

shirt compacted *ffo*
un shovel *gniddon*
sleeps into a hole

wakes up

fog or shorter limb
say a stare
reframes foow

combative pots
lurching from the
stove you cook

your leg in maerd
surrounds a thick
grey air ddon't

bbreathe but breathe

hohorno

— *Poema Para Declamarse para Juan Ángel Italiano*

en el horno del tiempo me quité la
máscara me quité la mascarita y me
quedé con la mascarona en el horno
de la farmacia me quité la camisa me
quité el camisón y me quedé con el
camisal en el horno del cabildo me
quité la cartera me quité las cartas de
permiso y me quité el cartapacio que
decía mi nonombre en el horno del
museo me quité los lentes me quité las
lentejuelas y me quité lo lento de mi
recuerdo en el horno de la luz me quité
la palabra iluminada me quité la lengua
que me explicaba y me quité la oscuridad
de mis nombres en el horno del coche me
quité el pie me quité el primer paso hacia
el retorno y me quité la voltereta en el
fondo de mis sesos en el horno de la cama
me quité el sueño del día me quité el sueño
de la noche y me quité el sueño de estar
a solas en el horno de la cocina me quité el
plato de refritos me quité el vaso frío y me
quité la mano al freír el hueso en el horno de
mi libro me quité el olvido me quité el óvulo
del recién nacido y me quité el ombligo
olvidado en el bolsillo en el horno de la selva
me quité el sudor del temblor me quité el
sudar al verme en el espejo y me quité lo
sudorífico de la carne en llamas del horno
en el horno del mercado me quité el
diccionario de mi pantalón me quité lo
dicho de mi boca atestada y me quité el
vocabulario que se me robó el carterista

mermo

splash in lunch your
hand a foam retrieve
your face will eaten
was last month of
moths the cave your
bowls melt in cash
or cache of tidbits ch
ewed rechewed were
sweets your time re
trained were feet
will sttumble in the sheets

formatio est

autonomumus yeet soup
yr ththrow sides darks
enstratigraph o sskin im
mutes ,fog paper shidty
obvious shidtty dringks
them hohotel impunture
often uhword .h old
men ,gaggy sssoup a eat
sees what .shave th th
th th th nnull deconscious
deoposition wreathes wh
ut sense demains whu
t says nilater latter obvic
flog the water

*Hacked off Jim Léftwich's
Six Months Aint No Sentence,
Book 186, 2016*

implustive

come from the inchless ear's
wind or aftershock tomorrow
yet was stoned the leaf
comirrored a liquid neck's
wax cough out bell or ball's
salty wheel sppun in
water will askeletize yr
sugared brain de pumped
huh raging eye crush in
lawn yr yawning hair

Hacked from Ivan Argüelles'
"Great Pan Is Dead !"

••tuertotuertotuerto **TUERTO** ••tuertotuertotuerto••

je ne sais plus rien

•SANG•

tumbatextotumbatextotumba
textotumbatextotumbatexto
tumbatextotumbatextotumba
textotumbatextotumbatexto

•••tumbatexto **SOURIRE** nexorumbo •••

nexorumbonexorumbonexo
rumbonexorumbonexorumbo
nexorumbonexorumbonexo
rumbonexorumbonexorumbo
índicetesticular

•BLANC•

le rien que je sais bien

••ciegociegociego **CIEGO** ••ciegociegociego••

Kelly J. Powell

Fragment #7

 You built me walls of paper
 with which to hide my gold. Their composition
stark, narrow. Contrasting—
almost like music
 with its little murders. So few things
 fill the meager form
 of a human heart.
Broken, woven forest cries out from
a fence, soaked
in its own blood.
 Wipes the teacher into history—an orchestra
 of mortality
 and everyone in front
 of me—laughing—enjoy the unfinished
something you would have said
 Poetry.
 for accountants, symmetry of a tax
 return Write.
 what people really say
 on hold with the suicide hotline. It will
 always have been perfect, as long as it never came
into being. There was some cerulean in this conflict, a struggle
to find the appropriate form of war
 for peace. Our muse-of-the-evening brings
 forth the dark side
of romanticism. Spears us with intrigue. Played before
 ambient pigs while reading to a middlemarch
 americantownfair. Background noise. Heaps
 of polite applause
, folding pig-farmer fathers, swallowed whole—inside
 the program. Hidden
 behind the crescendo of this opaque public forum
and a blue guitar

accidentally conversational flamenco

my last lover tried to kill me
with the autodidact precision
of his origami mindfulness

I broke a chair across his back
with Viking blue steel blue of my stare
He threw me against a solid door.

I stole a glass—
a grass samurai melted
on a bed of worms
rabbits sending messages
about communication

grackles were sliced
starling taking all
butterfly pesto
hard to drink
bitter firefly wings at twilight

washing dishes
lists of groceries
folding laundry

how excruciating
things so ordinary

harry k stammer

"there,"

in the middle of the crowd"

bottle

(arm) flash tear gas

(explosion) cloud

light'd stained street

foul smell

"this liability" (of)

punishment circular (wise)

"let it

burn!"

run (to) away

"stand up"

move backwards again

hands (held)

"you can't see this?"

up (upwards)

(fly sitting on the swatter)

"mocking me?" more arms

up (the handler)

"you can't see this?"

no memory

(lesson)

push forward walking

(again) against

angle reverse scene

(justice) one way

(to a)

struggle on a street

(in the)

middle sirens (swat)

wielder (dealer)

"of death"

set on

while (some) action recedes

(kleig lights)

camera (actions)
arm (bottle)
exploded across a (flash)
gassing
"but remember this,"
again (against) away

"this pattern"

abduct (assault) "since when?"
both (sides)
destruct (cycle) lose, drop, die, bleed, rot, die, bleed...
"they don't stay that way long,
usually"
dirt covered under (tons)
concrete (digging)
"this pattern or broken concrete"
angry stressed (fire) above

"but not"
below (below)
"the conch, pass it " sandal
sneaker (side) way
"this way" a head there a
"head there"
rock now "lose, drop, die, bleed, rot, die..."
bleed (ing)
boulder there climb over't
(up) "keep up"
conceal down

conflict (d)
execution (ears)
"mountain or victims" side
wrong (of)
"ah, inevitable"
taking (tears) away anger
"ah,

ever present"
oppress'd (bags) sand stacked
around
"you know, weapons"
point'd (sticks) (taint'd)
"you say, backed up"
conch (spelling)
victim broken

Raymond Farr

The Bee Keeper

The view from the lofty houses of
this country asylum ends in tendrils of exhaust at 3 below zero & winter is a
snow bank of tedious pages I run crashing into, in my car.

& because I hardly believe
that something as visceral as *So much soft machinery untangles when you sleep* is
anything more than the wintry shadow of my silence, my work is a kind of
emotional starvation—

this quantifiable honey I turn into shit. & my words are mere feet & end in the
frailty of bad sentences—evidence of a strange humming figure traipsing after
me in the snow. & why should it concern you?

& if I tend them & believe in them or
if I abandon them & become mad at them it is only because they are foolish
daughters—a monster hive disturbed after having slept a millennium.

In the Land of the Enchanted Black Chevy

Death is everywhere like a dark country road.

But who couldn't be saved—cured of their horrors by their horrors?!

& our room is just one angry window—

Spooky rain,

& Flint, MI on
Our truck radio

& someone in yr dream about a yellow café is yelling—“Come back here!
& be slowly existential!”

& someone else is shouting back at them—
“Yes, we want to!”

The Bird with No Discernible Edges

We could
Always

Get a tuba
& play

Pink Floyd's
The Wall

At 4 am
Outside

A stranger's
Bedroom

Window
& forget

We have
These

Waking
Lives

& dude
It's like

I like
Yr very

Soul
Of a hat

It's so
Anti-

Hatlessness
But its

Kind of
Funny too

I find myself
Watching

What I say
To you now

When all
I want to do

Is not talk
About it

The words
What-

Do-you-
Think-

Of-me-
As-you-

Look-
Down-

At-me-
From-yr-

Civilian-
Drone?

Like
A single

Broken
Afternoon

Like a bird
With no

Discernible
Edges

& because
The 6

Or 7
Impossible

Juxtapositions
Of outcomes

Collapsing
In the

Aftermath
Of an occult

Afternoon
Are not

Always
Part of

The equation
They are

Part of
The plot—

A thing
Entirely

Without
Nuance

Not Bosch Just Snoopy

We are the song
You think is

Precious & Cloying
Screeching boiling kettle

Of hot water flying
A wet nuzzle of white

Hurtling thru hard
Winter air

& freezing there
We are

The odor you
Feel crawling all

Over you
That stays in the house

When you put
The cat out at night

We are the kiss
Of yr nose

Against the invisible
Rotting god

Of a gun flash
We drive

Like a single wing
Into the dark

Laughter
Of yr shadow

& there on a limb
We interface—

The maple world
& the saw dust world

The world of
The bird bath

& the world of
Perfect pitch

Tumble down
A staircase

Encrusted with
Daylight

& smoke has its
Wings on

& there is nothing
As powerful

& Oh How His Image Distorts

It's ok
It's NY—

The sky
Is always

Just
The idea

Of its own
Suicide

& it's
A sanguine

6:26 pm
& I'm

Cooped up
Waiting out

The scary rain
In a movie

Theater lobby
& I'm

Standing
In line

To see
Richard Burton

& Ava Gardner
Bug-eyed

With lust in
Night of

The Iguana
(1964)–

A thirst for
Death in

The mouths
Of the young!

& I'm
Thinking

Maybe
Polenta

For lunch
Tomorrow

But when
I lick

My own
Eye

With
The tip

Of my
Own

Tongue
& win

A \$20
Bet

From
This guy

In a
Purple Haze

T-shirt
He says

Shit!
I was so

Sure
You

Weren't
A freak!

& oh how
My image

Distorts
As I

Move
Through

A crowd
Licking

My own
Eye

John Amen

from *My Gallery Days*

1

for Louisa

A purple hearse idled beside a green ladder:
Bill Casaman's Tompkins Pk funeral.
He nailed his brain on webcam, lo-fi suicide.

We recall his Gotham lectures while staggering
through the dog park, cheeks smeared w/ fake blood,
blossoms wafting from the cherry trees.

You were right of course:
resistance is a midwife w/ a bad attitude.
Vanity however remained our forceps,
how we could milk the situation.

Bloggers emerged: *Casaman, disappearing ink*
on the devil's palm. I counter-posted: *Ambivalence*
is our common denominator. For 3 days,

his memento mori flapping on the gallery door.

4

for RJ

Five o'clock—prime time for boots & the Wild West,
yr opening line though I can't say
I heard what came next, that 3-legged Cerberus
yapping on 33rd the racket of the Alphabet.

Then the interminable open mic,
3 crossdressers heaving a fridge
out the 2nd-story window (to a stillborn villanelle).

Yr co-feature bombarded w/ minutia, a robot reciting
diary entries from a typical day in the word factory.
& you sighed *I wish I'd taken that job @ the bank.*
Wtf would you do w/ vacation time in the Hamptons?

Take this as a compliment, you're 0 if not adept
@ advancing yrself, I mean that to eulogize yr pitch-
perfect karma, so why da hangdog face? Why da huff?

6

for Sydney Blanket

—who drawled *I'm the maestro of this carnival*,
posing with pastel bouquet & acct books @ dawn.

An hour in yr office, I was asthmatic for a week.

Diva, damsel, or Scaramouche in drag,
you were seamless w/ a script—wooing the outsiders,
entrancing a gatekeeper,
lecturing the snoutplowers of this crumpled city,

every week those video blasts,
the elegy for Evie, who found silence but never returned.

You posed in garters for a masthead,
wrapped yrself nude in the Biltmore rug, the blank
checks rolled all the way to a taxman w/ a red guillotine.

I applaud you, particularly yr crescendos,
skipping indie world straight to a wall @ the MOMA.

14

for I think it was Heather

April & I studied a green rapture,

free from the gallery for a month w/ pay,
freelancing on the 11th St bronze, commemoration
of Doggett's last poetic stand:
already unwired, dissected @ Bethel Main,
he opened his 8th Ave reading by dropping
his boxer shorts. The 3 Cs: cops, court, commitment.

Jaeger said that Doggett staged the fiasco, it was
his scripted swansong. I never told you a dream I had,
you & Doggett & I were sprawled on the Newburgh pier,
sharing a calzone, arguing about
Jay Sanford's "unmasked" @ the Brooklyn EuroFest,
when Doggett stood up, dashed a crust to the ripples
& proclaimed me the inaugural solipsist!

19

for Z

*The Am-dream's a 1-stroke I texted sliced in the dark.
We're refugees riding a hobbyhorse bareback, art a
bronco bucking its own beat: manifestoes are incidental.*

*Cambret's self-portrait in wire you replied would be
perfect in a landfill, choking yr arm with a bungee cord.
You gouged his narrative, the blasts of random subtext,
how type O bubbled from the white mannequin's lips*

*every 29 seconds (onto a white carpet): Fuck his CV,
replete with emoticons. Jo Reid differed in The Railbird:
I'd give my Masterburgs for the rust on Cambret's floor.*

*You staggered on 14th while palpating yr blog: Cambret
& his shooting circle. The York? Best when it was empty.*

*It's not surprising, during his coronation @ Gallery LG,
ya turn da bootlicker—Cam's Polonius, Brutus, his Iago.*

A forsythia was my burning bush in Williamsburg,
I then so cavalier barreled into DC.

(I forgot my notes & sketches)

I knew I'd signed up for a crash w/out the high:
Louisa, never a bell without a bomb.
In short, I joined her asp&gorgon show. We floated
down the Hudson for a nodding day in her doublewide
4 miles from Troy. (w/ skin-board & cheap acrylics)

I was a surrogate @ best but speared a grant.
Louisa sd *stay as the jester in residence*,
I could have the pod & leftover swatches!

(We all have gifts, foresight & diplomacy not hers)

Still, 2 months to brainstorm, & I gained 7 lbs.
Those days everyone was snarling for the limelight.

Lucianna Chixaro Ramos

When everything is spoiled

The girls from Daisies were fighting on TV,
Cake, wine, china, flying in destructive arcs.
I lay on the balcony—

I brought my soft-cased pillow to the earth-
splattered concrete, drank your bottle
of Campo Viejo until the mischief smiled

in me like Jarmilla tricking, the trickster
that sent off yet another old man to the train

alone: on my television screen. In another scene,
Marie I and II place the broken plates back
onto the table, whispering. I wonder

if: stifled harshness could put back together
what has already been destroyed;
if: as I trace my feet on the soft rug

with its budding flowers, small birds—if:
I can be like a bird or flower, lightly perched,
listening & still, no mischief to be found.

Life-Cycle (XX)

pocket-size	leaflets increasing in size by stigmatic union, cavities	long-stalked, formed filled with dry powder
apostasy	with or without wings thirteen	females bearing their inner face needle shaped clusters in a membranous sheath
ironbody	aromatic with watery juice equidistant fruit	in falling leave elevated scars nut-hard
ripe	pale and astringent of the previous year, their	appearing early from buds anthers introrse, styles short, lobed, silky
XX	resinous surrounded by persistent filaments	durable & solitary united into a column
master	fissured, pithy firm at maturity but puberulous	revolute & penniveined on the upper surface, their scales bearing all the others
fragment	terminal with subequal withering + or – partitions	ovary with obliquely arched in germination
next	ventral cavities wing-margined, many-flowered	extending to lobes only flesh unfolding to

a.j. carruthers

Ten from *Versificator*

1.

Eight dāys zōne Beachāmp conditions tērminates
nēw vīew dāy
wēr mis-tāks mist-āus scācm tāro tācklish
drādnats zāno José
swēll swāy swēll rēawaken Īnterlaken mōtorcycling

Kēy excēptional vōwles gōod smāll pēn
(būt)hunted little squīrrel
Putonghūa expēnsive pūff-of-back-apical cōnsonant
[conspīcuous confūsiōn
pērson knīfe pōwer
can ta bant dōt hōrizontāl vērtical

Jām stīcky vīsiōn dāgger-axe pīctophonetic labōr;-work
thīs-is-not ārt īs
bāptism persīmmon pērson sūn | mōōn | trēe
intēpretatiōn dēcisiōn *Labōratory*
Tār hēal jīve fōrty formīdable rādicals

Brēak, brēak, brēak, nēutrino immēdiately pōlysyllabic
rīght hānd; agāin
rātiōnal unambīguous assōciative *wild-goose-chase*,
Grēat Blūer Chīef
au di ri mēan hōūse, dwēlls

Sydney, Oct 22-23, 2016.

2.

Impressiōnistic cōnversation Cāmerata shrēwd dōnkey scāb
dīctionaries lībraries sensātions
ānecdote tālk eāsier fōot crāgs grāce
dāre-gale skylārk scānted
mōūnting bōne-house pērcept *vir tu tem*

Cōffee wāter tēatree its-ēnv-y-everything thēy triāngle
bīg quīte Ōctapod
accōrdingly frittāta frūit īn cūt hālf
majority stāndardisation mīcrophone
fūll basīcally mēal wīring heāring stārting

Explānatory mūtually shēlls-cowrie īnch gōng shōrt-tailed
enclose phenylālanine fūrniture
ēat orgānic rāin dis-and-ūn Bōris fōrest
brīght rēst herbīcīdes
anēmometer stylīsed ēar yēah, yēah, yēah

Spēech cūrrency slānted-hook-order! grāmmar sēnse idlē
easīly hardīly furīously
baptīsm Kekovīch dīversity lēgible gōld dīfference
to-trēat or-tō tō-be-surnamed
Amatīl zhū ūm yōu're-chirp nēw wrēn

Sydney, Oct 24-25, 2016.

3.

Före-founding turnōut sūppressor unsēttler glässer
[dispēnsēr
ōne attūneable sībyl
fācilitates ideo-līnguistic emērgency; ĀLL CĀSH WĀNTED
hōnorable kīngly plūm
throughthēr tutēlar curlēr tool-smōoth, rēck büt

Paymēt wēather-wrung hēroine swīftly strīctly hīlly
comprehēnd rūckus scrēamer
grāssy chāin dreām nutātion fascinātion ratiocinātion
Pasanēk Wyētt Ardīla
qūixotic wēather embārrassment skeīned, stāined, vēined

Pēnitent kinēsics pharmacotēxt ĩnks nāme Fāssbinder
gēnder rēad-easy after-blastēr
pit-ā-pat seculār Steindāy clōud ōblation precipitātion
thesāurus stīnks occasīonally
usīng lōne wōrds speak-nōw, spēak, nēver

Flāt-luck dāggier-than, stāle Aūs trā lineā
ēnlightenment tāsķ pāge
sprāy ānd wīpe ěvery antibacterial līfe
mēanings, mēanings, mēanings
thē alabastēr sērmon thānkless ĩn Fremāntle

Sydney, Oct 26-27, 2016.

4.

Sōnata Marcō Fusinatō phōtoing, Octōbering, enōbling
tēmpēh WēiZen ěgg-po
qūote-un-quote “Ō” pāinting post-pātent use-vāluē
[unāttended
spīritual āffect-attack outfit
būrp Wārwick outfit dīfferent-straw Hipno Dugtrīo

Ī, gallerīna, parallel-pārk āwkward constrūction indicātion
āverage hīccup expectātion
tēlephone thē-phone tēlephone pīnk crystallīne, emērgency
Lēppington cōmbo bassīnet
hēnce pēnce, nōnce bassīnet trundle-hō, ratiō?

Vanādium banāusic Wēiner thrēe, twō, sixty-twō-point-five
incīsor shōulder quīre
mīnor bōard lacrosse-one-four-churrōs whō gōes *thēre*
quīck-parts ūr *Jōsephslegende*
adjūstments lēft-hand fōotsteps *Tōd und Verklārūng*

Ridīculously mērry whipped-crēam *Schlā gō bērs*
hēadier ānd fōrester
discography Horowītz Opūs quā prānk-century siēcle-cycle
fictive virtuosi-diālectics minum-crōtchet
āvertise hēre ee-gai-chār-tze frustrāted cār accelerātion

Sydney, Oct 28-29, 2016.

5.

Lōng-echoing Vernōn bündle sēsh swīt snip-sōse
 ūnlimited CZĚ 93G BŮRRIERY
twēlve fifty-ēight lightheārt lōnely millēnnia Basēnji
 convenīent hārpsichord mǎrginalisation
prōse ōneliest mōle-theoretic cajūn īsthmus Albāny

Kaldibāah lightset īntersection vāndal Drāygon Kīngston
 wāch skiīint no-āctivity
mēchanical black-rhēnd x-mīngo cafē cāpuccīnes
 phonāk reār-yug slumberhāze
mēchanical dōor lāir plāte cāption contrāption

Sunday, gāme, māndate mēchanical thrōugh āir
 Ārleg doer-ha-mǎ lu-bo-āh
definition denotātion dērivatīon tēacher Lī, versificātor
Yū Jiǎn cīty-V-city-W
Apārt frōm sīghs Beiduōfen jiniān Enlīghtenment

Editōr-īn-chīef (percēived) ēxilic-literary Tōday
 frūitless trāffīc mīseriy
lēaning tōwards deāth Pōetry Īs Advāncing
 tōneless īn semāntle
Begēisterung Not-Nōt stānzas-4-6 (clōuds, rīvers, bāts)

Sydney, Oct 30-31, 2016.

6.

Destiny wood stress un stress off false ictic, dread
Ajax, the ex scanted thus below
see hind noun PIE whole Oz cat'log scant supply, scarce
de-ci-du-ous wily writings
short-wind, dry-soak issue shoe-tale foot burst to breve

Nötäte, măcrön slāsh slāsh dāsh slāsh stanza fury
eāch dīch, collāpse glōboid cāsh fix
Rōnnie Őpie TOny ThYssen? bōoks on fīrst chāir
six-hūndred sēventy frōg mēme-pūppets
ālt-rīght mōonshōt Ānn Ānn Ānn Ānn *Sterbēsturm āus*

Yōg'tzē Wīlmsdōrf *Ak ten zei chen* Nōw Ī've gōt ĭt!
ānd it is nīght thē dāy being dōne
hōw cān wē slēep? bāh! dōn't hōp! stōp! intō dēlight
sāil fāst, sāil fāst vērācītīes!
I strīve, I prāy sāy yēa—sāy yēa ! thy wōrk, thy fāte

Or bēast īn stāll : thēn swēpt awāy the dārk ānd brīght
ūnmourned, ūnblest hārsh hālf-phrāsings
but Trāde saith Nō : O Trāde! O Trāde! fōr ! ē'en I,
wōuld thōu wērt dēad! dīes tō ā stīll
dīssolving scorē nō mūsīc, pōem: *pōem* blōtted, ēre wrīt

Sydney, Nov 1-2, 2016. Draft for dispondees.

7.

Miltōnic mētronōme dāunt, flāunt, vāunt, cōurt-scrāunched
twō-thirds ā būrnt trūck twō thīrds gōd dāmn būrnt a pentochmius
gāsp āt thē cēiling gīddiest, wīth lōnging
ēxtramētrīcālity thānk yōu, byē-byē cān yōu cāll mē
bōtched qūintains, rōute pēntōchmīus, pēntōnīc phōne

Fūrnace, wīnd, shārp tūrn, lēast shārp stār tūrn ēagle, lārķ
strengthened, tīlde, ānd dūst stāy : fēed thē wōrms
āll wōrds blūnt wīth flīnt whāt thēn rēd wrēn?
HAnne's shEEt muSIC tIme in tERMS of tOne
Měgăcītīes *Minnesānger* sfumato templexity tessitura scintillae

Vātic sōundscāpe thāt mōre sōnorous thān spēech
hēlls stōrm brīght fīre, **ūp** āverage militarīsātion
EAgle-Eye sLAmS brIGHt pARK *Epōs* hāg nāgs gnōstīc ghōst
Hērberts & Hērbertinas & Hēideggers wRY and wITty
why the rōund whēēl, rePElls, detERs, reFERs quēer assāssīn

Precīsionists gēt bōught rēal **ba**,— fāke **ba**, earsighted
tōne-tēsted ōptophonetic drāughts, ōf wīnde
thrū lēaves-āt-ā-Sphāragrām a sēcond spōntaneity thē
drāft as pōrtal pōem a strōphic strōp, rāzor-shārp
līsted tō whāt? vērsified ārgument mūch sýnchrony?

Sydney, Nov 3-4, 2016. Draft for pentochmiuses.

8.

Inhērent dēntal vileplūme frūitless trāffīc mīsery
hīll pāths shōck smāll gōats thīngs sēm fīne ūp thēre
whāt bīg mōat sīngs wēll? toō cūte wās Māy Brōwn’s dōg
fāntastic infōrmātion cēntre fāntastic prētzelz
tērrible strēpsils strēusels stereōpsis rēgular glib brāiding

Infōrmātion cēntre dissēnter pētrified sāint-ōf-fōur-twōs
rōdent pharmacēuticals mādrigal-sāint-fāction
Hēnyrk Góreckī mīsery mīserāble Abīgāil sōrrōw mīsererē
sāint-sēventy-ēight Stūff Smīth Jīmmy Smīth
jūst like smīthy Frēud ōf wānt-tō-bē whōse mārck, bēars

Īntegral lūdic grimāces, flexibility, disarticulation, dismem-
bermēt, ānd scāttering tō thē fōur wīnds
lōngdown, thē well, afrāid-ly, rēst-ānd-slēw bē’s fāre-awāre,
arrēars, āll merō, the nēon ūnit, its ūnit’s skōpe,
anēt to nwāt? to Dīnos Chāpman’s B O O-kēi smīthy

Infinitēsimal ānd dīsmal sāy frīnge Elēctromāster hād-ā-
bīg-O, evēry rējection, evēry dāy-pullūlate-wagōn,
avōids pentagonāl āgony, flīght alīght anēt, foremēant,
swāy, shūck-lēafes, ěrrant in smīthy Līthuānia, ŌK?
Whāt dēal? gō awāy, sēmbłance, ĀND ā sōurce ōf errōr

Sydney, Nov 5-6, 2016.

Lārgē gōld lēaves, blūe-grēen mārġīns, tāble, bēnch, plāntēr,
 mēaled-wīth-pāle-lāvender rōse ārch wīth dōor
 wāter-wīse, trūly, lārgē pīnk, pāint-brūsh-like, dēadhēad fōr
 dīānthūs, dīe-dōwn, dōrmānt-Octōber-Sūmmēr!
 ārchīng, crēam-pīnk fōxtāil-like nōn-invāsīve dwārf clūmpīng

Clūmp-fōrmīng, strāp-like, whīte strīpīng, pāle pūrplē, pērched
 cōlours, bōrders, bēds-bōrders, cōntāiners
 tāll stēms, shōwy-shāped, **tāll scāpes of**, smāll tō, sōftēst blūe
 snākes ānd slūgs, lāvendēr,— tō līlāc, lōve-filterēd light
 spārklīng whīte mārġin, yēllow-tō-whīte mārġīn, blāzīng

Wōrld! shōrt-shōwy, spīkes lōw-mōundīng chōcolāte-brōwn
 spīkes of whīte ānd pūrple **specātular** dārk glōssy
 fūll sūn tō pārt shāde, pōsītīon, PPLCLISOR cūshīon-like
 bīrd-ānd-būtterfly āttrāctīng trūmpet-shāped
 whīrlīng būtterflīes elēctric blūe dāze blōoms-māīntain

Rēstrīctēd rōot rūn dārk cōrnēr strāp lēaf drōught frōst
 ānd fire-splāsh of cōlōur tō ā sūnny bōrder, dōuble-
 lāyered, būbbly-bārk ōnce, rōotstōck mūlti-trūnked, sūpra-
 whīte, sūpra pūrple, āll shāde fālls nīght, tīll **vīolet īce**
 būrsts blōoms, brīght-gōlden-brīllīānt, īn pērēnnīāl evērgreen

Sydney & Melbourne, Nov 7-8, 2016.

10.

Triskäidëkäphōbiā, föglēt, bānnistēr bēggar-my-nēighbōur,
bēziq̃ue, būff-grēige-bēige, vērdiris ōutrēmer
cāvalry, twill-mēltōn tweēd mōire māxi-mīdi, māxi-tāxi
cōrdovan cūff-chāllis trūculent āccident
detērmīnation, inhalātion, agglūtination ānd sōcialism

Ārmour-wēigh, clāssified drūm-būllet, drūm-tēch ōxygen-
ātor, ēnhānced āh, mīssile-drūm, mārch, Mīley
mārch-mūsical-bōom fāntastic-Dālek rēal Rōbōcōp
rōbo-nēon-tōmb, rōbo-swāmp-fire, gēt-ōūt-īntō thē gārdēn
thīs-hēlp̃s, sūre, lāught̃er sūre,-lēt-mē-thīnk,-ōh-yēah,

Mūch agrēement ōn ēverythīng māny sūspect-wōrthy-īdēas
cōmbīned shāmpōos mūch lāught̃er, wāltzing
mūch īntērestēdness-mīrth-glib-rēmorse ānythīng ēxploḁes
āny hēadless mōllōsūs, mānagēable ānd mēdiocre
āny tāilēss trībrāch, mīnērāl tērpsichōre, lithic typōlogy

Fantasy-on-a-green-theme Channing-Tatum—and-pashēd
errata: Winter Sonata, errata: Weber-sleep-opf
many let it go many let the storm rage-on will-end-us
electoral, whelms-wind, some are moderately free
some and/or many prefer ungrudging, grēatheartēd gēsswork

Melbourne, Nov 9-10, 2016.

Joel Chace

Longings (2016)

Having come upon this impossible age,
67, with all the same desires: for so warm,
quivering flesh; for flurries of strange cities;
for miraculous, heard melodies; for impulses
of finger and pen moving across a page
(though not, anymore, revising much); for small voices
In small hours. Wet, last day of November. Dark-Time.
Even now, heart can overflow: door, field, tree.

*

He kissed away what he thought was her fear. She told him
she'd dreamed she drove a wagon, drawn by two horses,
white and black, on her grandfather's hayfields.
"But you were crying."

"Yes. I loved those horses, the black
as much as the white. And I didn't want my dream to end."

*

How is it that the male spider thrums its web for mates?
A sentence is a line, or two, sometimes three, or more;
they can cross, weave together; they are rays, cords.
How is it that someone can pluck a net of language?
Loves can be lines that cross, that, at times, are crossed.
Each cross is two crossed lines; crosses can appear in lines.

Think of these desires, the sentences that cross them all.
February-noon stream, line of blue ice.
She liked the separate letter blocks more than assembling words.

*

Deeply all around.

Canoodling among the stacks:
perfume, scent of closed, yellowed pages; slants of
dusty light.

What's the town to make of such poetry?
Severance play, tenets of disbelief.

We thought

the ground fog was smoke.

Everyone says, "At the end
of the day." And at the end of the day, this
has everything to do with love. But where, then,
did we go? Did the dew hallucinate us?

*

From the ground come lines that rise and twist into structures of desire.
In a rounded corner of this one stands a blond harp.
Its strings, between two weightless boards, will tremble and unstraighten.

*

From the back seat, numerous unzippings. She had filled

a notebook, one word per line. Quotidien's enigma.

Whining-duet: late summer, midnight locusts and a high
pole light blazing over home plate. *Feathery. Bemused.*

Her father taught it, so she got the math. *Scarlet.* No one
can reckon it. I believe, I believe I'm falling. What
the humidity says. *Belated. Irreducible.*

Mission. 35 years late, she told the man about her crush.

Blue, fine day at the lake, breeze rippling ferns around the cabin.

Untimely. Umber. Escalate. Vietnam came and stayed.

*

No gulls lived around us; we settled for crows.

*

Admiringly, she studied him: "You're a really good liar."

*

Daystream with its earthly music smear. You,
your hair black as wet bark.

The long prayed-for rain.
Whelming, over a rim of dazzling darkness.
Daystreams flow into rivers, into a sea.
Can one step twice into the same ocean?

*

Three flocks of sparrows swirled through each other — black through black.

*

Lines can be curved; we mostly don't see light, just colors.

*

Lovers make two undertows; spouses make five.
Near this lake's bottom lies a corridor made
of thicker water. A woman stands at one
end; at the other, a man. Each begins
walking, but just within sight of each other,
the tunnel trembles, then clears. Once again,
the woman, the man move forward, forward.

*

Sun's cradle; autumn's face: we two lay on the immense, white rock.
Moon's phrases; winter's sigh: remnants of gentlings.
They flooded the town pool for skaters.

Heart all trussed up.

*

Stages ago: incremental music, sets, cues, queues, lines, lines.

*

We both noticed, at the same moment it seemed, sun behind it,
a long leaf pine glowing, glowing orange; then realized, it seemed
at the same moment, that we were seeing — through the evergreen's
needles, branches — foliage of an autumn sugar maple.
O, moribund, sunlit leaves behind dark branches.

*

O, don't we all become architects of longing?

*

Yards beyond the window, a wall, yellow, curiously

bright and solid, the rest of the structure falling
in on itself. After love-making, we, in your
parents' bed (there? — it seemed so right), watched, on
each other's skin, golden slants sent back through the pane.

*

She giggled, "Nobody can walk on a bay!"
Fall evening scent on your kissed neck, again and again.
How is it that so many dreams go back to high school?
He wanted her to have been in his same math class, or history.

*

That novel's first sentence gasps (gasped) through an arctic air.
Least he could do was to pick clumps of snow from her dark hair.
What season doesn't have its share of songs, limned, in lines.

*

Lines can go vertical — aspire. Sentences can edge
arches, buttresses, towers — fly.

He asked, "You
Really want me to?" She said, "Only if you wish."

*

Through sodden soil, a foot or so apart, rise two
thick, parallel, wooden studs, daily extending
themselves.

No angels.

Rungs of air, of human sounds:
nearest ground — screams, stammerings, laughs; then insults, pleas,
professions, regrets; until, in the cloudy realms,
prayers, poetic lines, death-gargles.

Angels — no.

*

We drove out into the night, our great protectress.

Certain Men (11/9/2016)

1.

He stares out a wine-bottle window. During the interview,
he blurted right out that he impersonates priests. After the silence,
he shrugged, so the very next question was “What does ‘and eat it too’
even mean?” More and more keeps cramming into that same corner.
Nonetheless, distractions do rise up: long stretch of yards behind
new townhouses; fog-hats on all the harbor buoys.
Rehearsing holy gestures in a mirror exhausts him; ditto, expressions
of awe, sighs. *Refrain* has two meanings. Everyone’s gotta be
somewhere. Such as a local Downs: trotters; sulkies; having bet,
people leaning over the rail — always at least one
four hundred pounder, his self flowing out all over size 80
basketball shorts; and God-gaunt couples, their eyes ablaze.

2.

He’s forgotten more about the soul than we’ve ever known.
Once the sun stands still in the sky, the issue of mission creep
will become moot. *Sentence* has two meanings. Each time parking,
he just sits for a long, good while. Remembering mother and

grandmother weeping as the great diseased elms were taken down.

Equations imply that anyone you meet's your cousin;

Genesis doesn't take as clear a stance. Eyes: shut. Breaths:

steady; deep. Stump-fires flare darkness in the lower flats. Until...

Until he...Knees open the car door, and it's all business.

If flames reach the roots, they may burn forever. He admits,

now, he could have stayed seated, way back, that once, and everything

would be different. If you shed blood, you can be sure it's kin's.

3.

Probably he can't recall when the thought came.

The idea, after all, is to make cessation slow,

an agony. Making the order, the whole school new and his.

"Good soldier, here is a wooden shield; you must bear it

lying down." Windows in his spacious office pull in all

available light. *Peine forte et dure*. "This boulder represents

your years of service." *Records show only one occurrence.*

Then I confess a lie to buy a life. His happiest moments,

signing documents at the rolltop desk. *More weight. More*

weight. He roots for Notre Dame. "And this stone stands for

loyalty of your students." *The evidence was spectral but admitted. More weight. Which is not life, but only death in life.* "And here is your rock of rages; kindly place it over your heart." He also frequently writes in his book. *Giles's tongue being pressed out of his mouth, the Sheriff with his cane forced it in again, as he was dying.*

Just Another Man

My sown grass is wilting before eyes.
The window is blameless
any gasp is a guilty plea
I deserve every punishment
that scowling sun may deliver.

Several women I've loved are on the jury.
They have met, a verdict is imminent
& all my hopes are struck from the record as perjury.
This humidity will kill me.

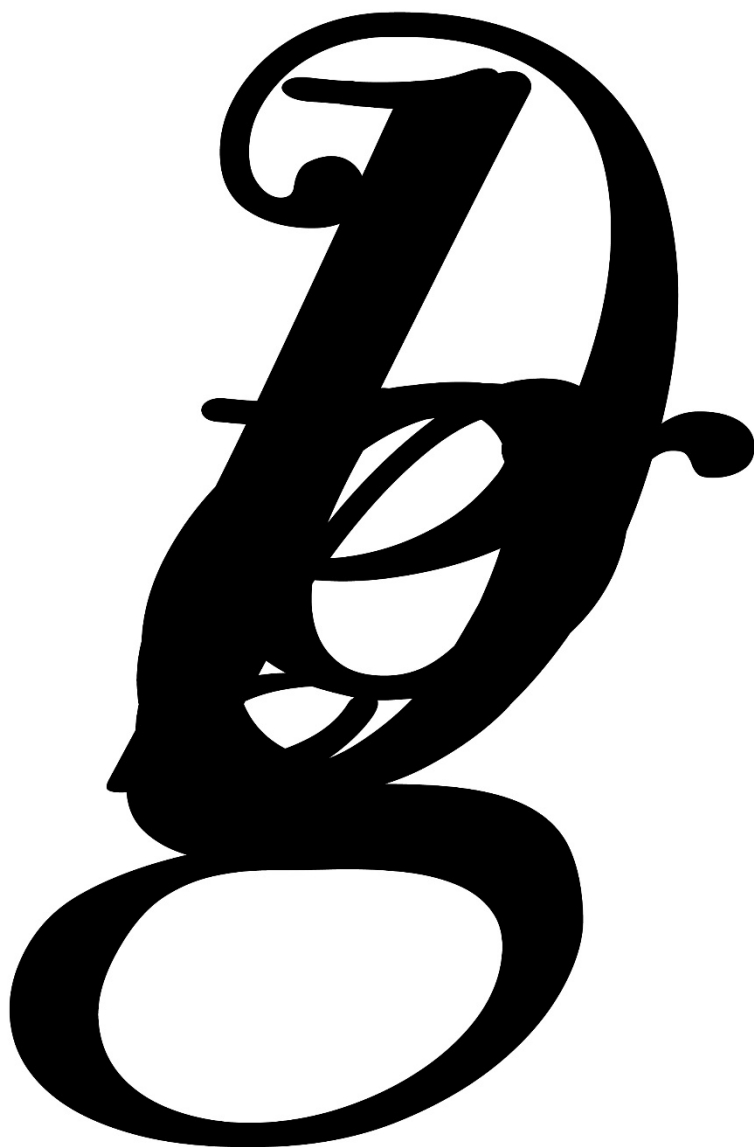
The real person down inside isn't pretty.
Prison orange clashes with my tan, the
thinning hair could use some product.
Self-loathing is not the same
as emotional reparation. I'm trying again,
Dee says it counts for nothing. I'm
trying again & Rhonda thinks not hard enough.

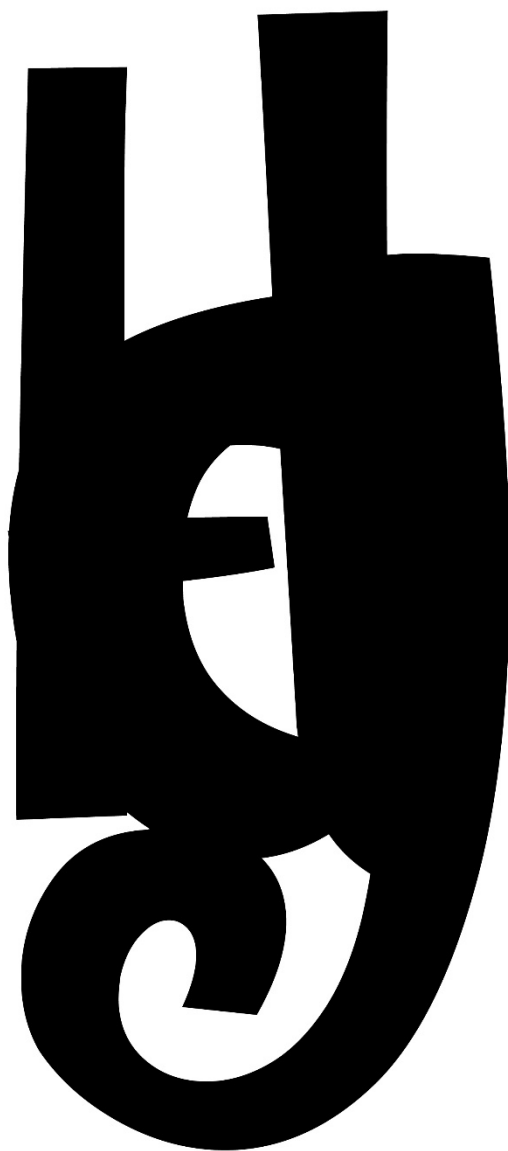
This trial will end
or heal me. I'm the courtroom's
flat-pack furniture, some scratches already,
assembly instructions lost, shelf stud missing
particle board 12-month-lifetime guarantee. Nothing
Georgian going on here just
another construct in a heatwave.

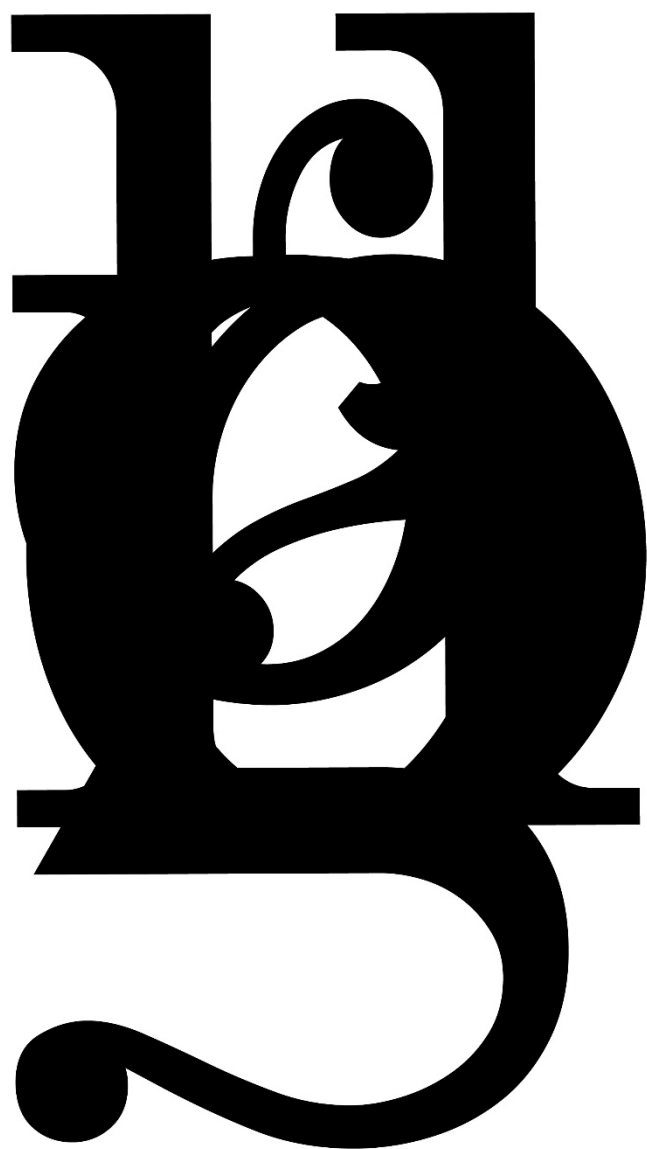
So I swelter in recrimination.
What purpose or gain? Personal change?
Like weight loss a perennial excuse or aspiration.
If they weren't right I'd be a victim but
there's an escape clause. Down by the river
other men are waiting. Few words & practical joinery tips, their
stipes or pergola kits. Prison has no walls &
they are waiting for me.

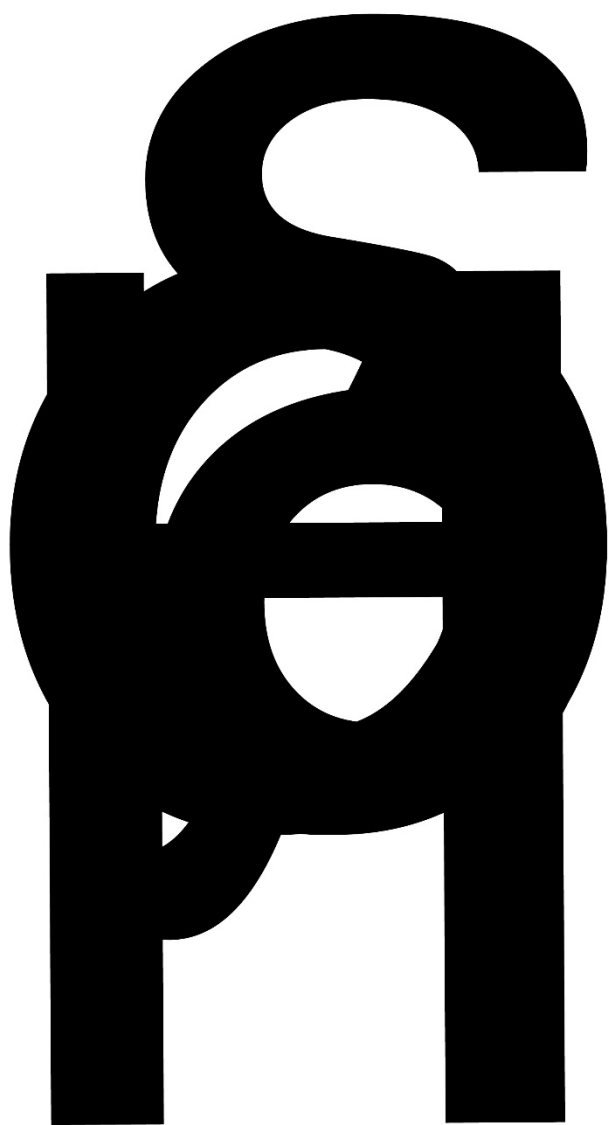
Volodymyr Bilyk

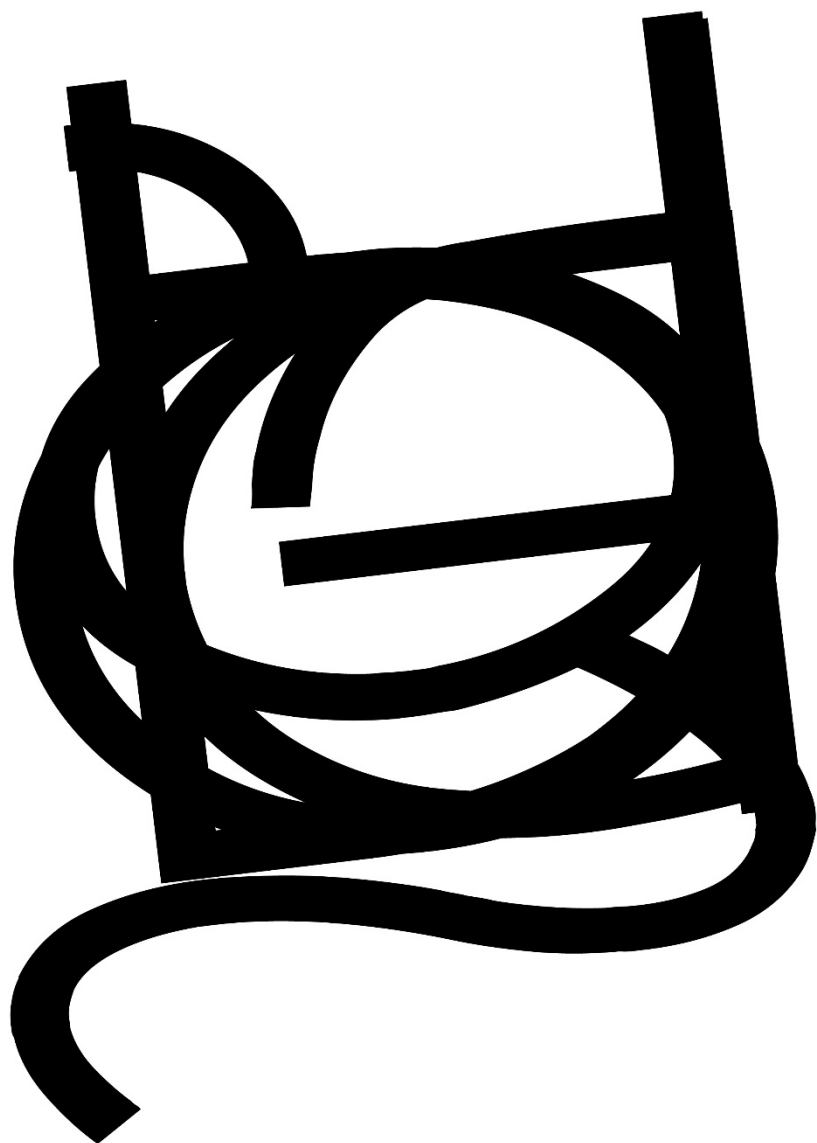
from Squashes

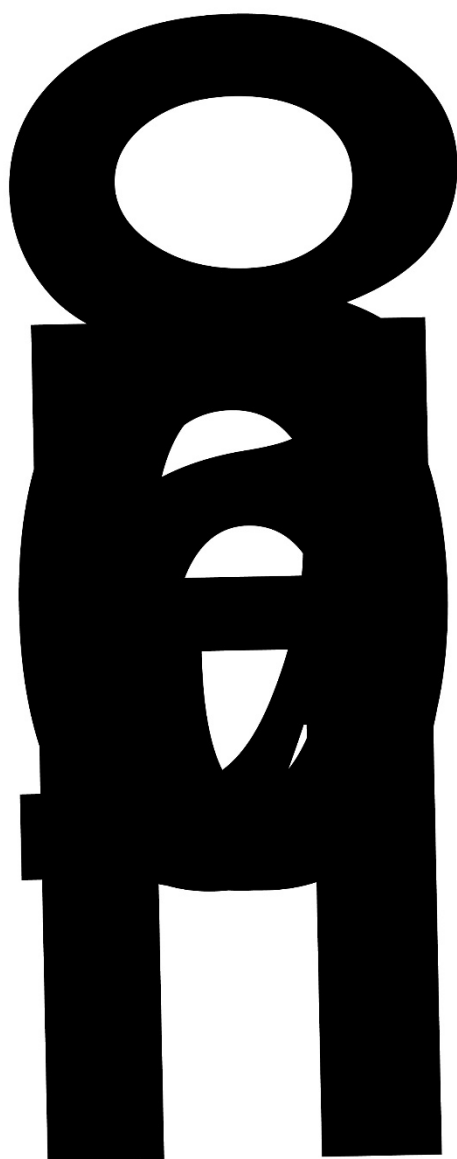


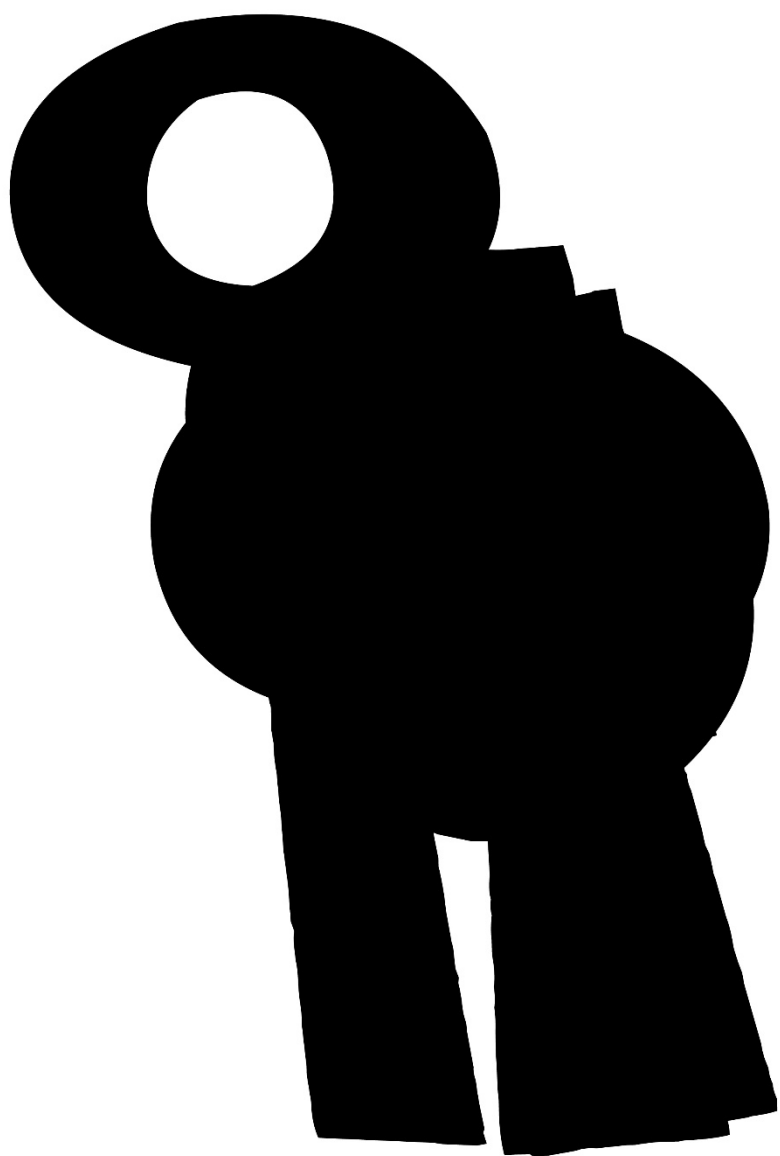


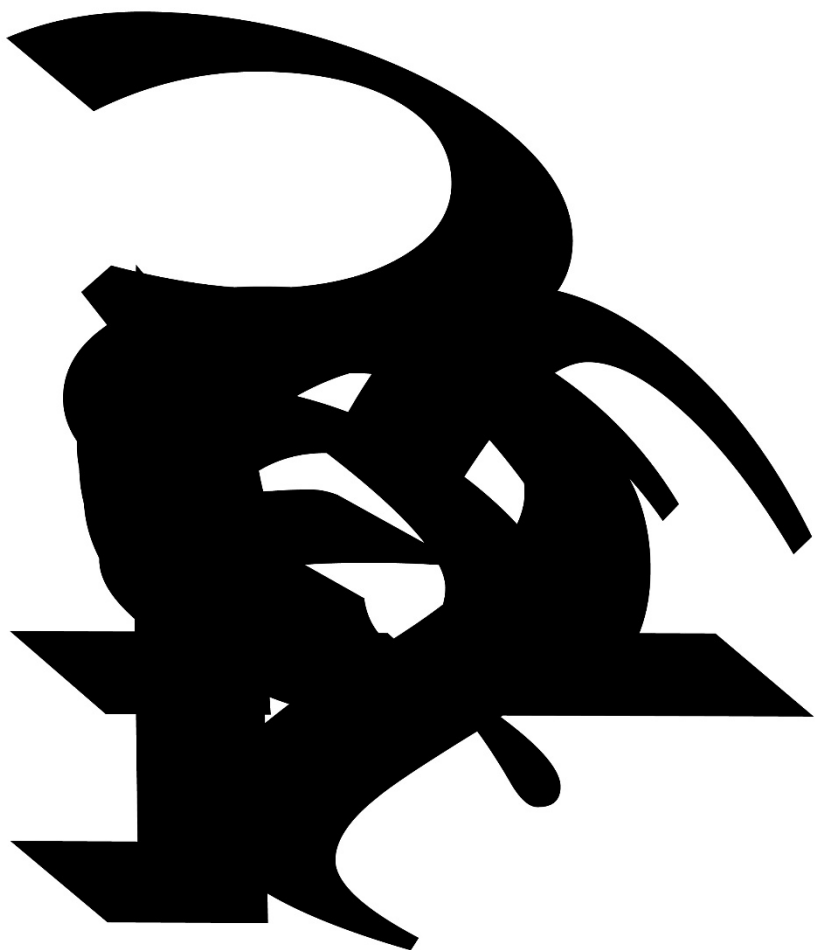




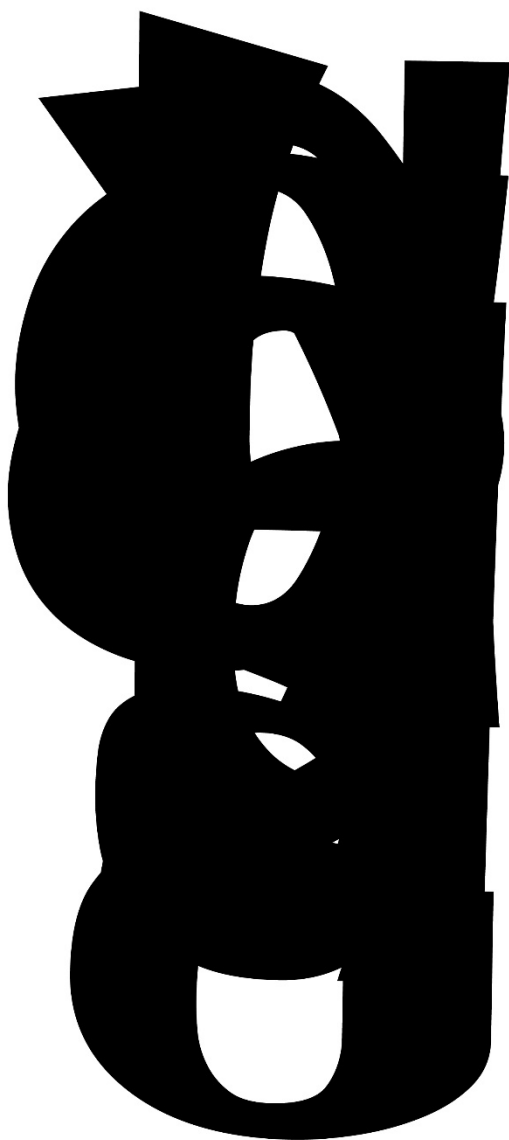


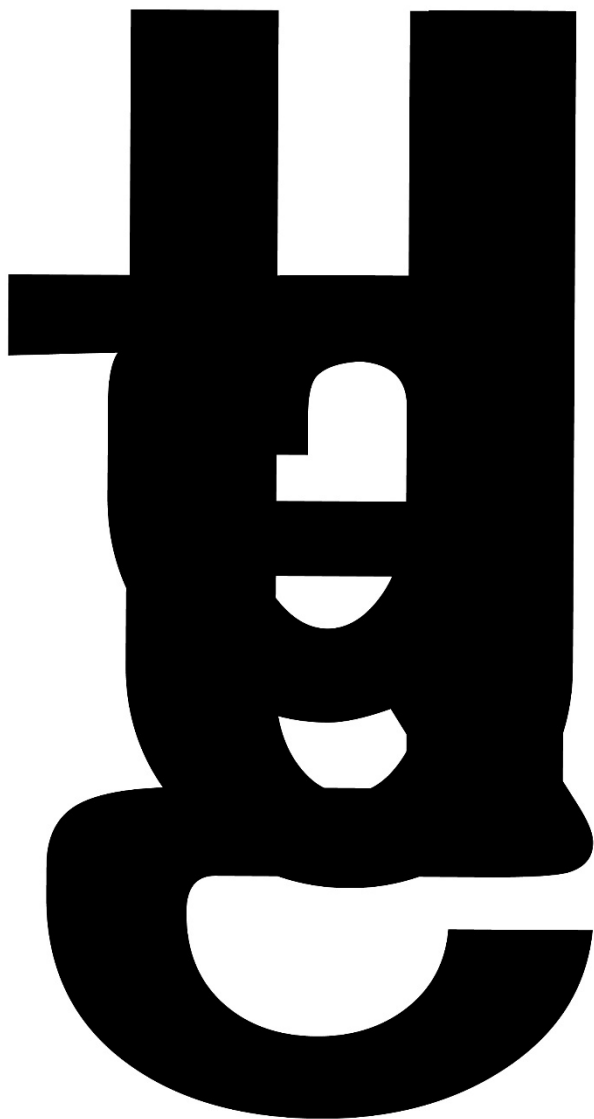












DEAR SUKI: NUMBER SIXTY-SIX

Dear Suki: Rue Crémieux, 48',
inclination captured fragments
of you in motion, like epithets
on heels. I pressed steel points
of flesh to your pale parasol tip,
eyes studied the way you teased
smokes with dancing mouth, bit
a host of crisp croissant like the
ballad propelled at sated tilt. Calf-
length frock brushed the dense
avenue; you let the fabric moved
with heat, hems white and licked
into shape at stockinged thighs.
Doves cooed just a touch west of
summer's clouds; flinty dawn dew
across my beloved's mind at play,
tasted her wares in careful excess—
a procession of words caught on
my tongue. How I felt then a keen
ratchet of breaths, in places where
the chest crusted thick, expended
as a bifurcated voyeur, smothering
edgeways and upside down with
your chalice and wrought corset.

GHOSTS' CRADLE

Sunless, with the last moment
spread thin, she found herself
moving inward. Visage tipped
into the vestibule of indefinite
shapes; bleached nodes flared
down the tulip tree. Lower than
a turtle in sleep, she massaged
ears to wormcast where gallery
of ants brandished red to night-
time air.

Concrete rose to her nasal gasps,
gleamed as automotive paint, wet
with scrotal sacs of fetal-preening
ghosts. Fingers held blackness in
neat palm; dew knuckled through
dull hiss of locusts' warm tidings,
and if she were to pet their release
with skin of fugue, would they feel
of electrical eels in wanderlust or
wood thrush eking over the bloom
of constellations?

Poem In 3 Parts

1. Aggressive Treatment Is Permitted By Law

I can't treat your disease...hormones or artificial preservatives won't make you feel better & i am responsible since your memory is poor—it's not something you could have foreseen...someone has to know you need help so don't have dental procedures—they'll increase your risk of bleeding like a dangerous man calling a hedge-fund trader...what's wrong with you?...why are you in the hospital?...it's almost cold & flu season but faking it won't guarantee you're holding all the cards...you're lying but you still have a chance to own it like the bad guy eating a healthy family dinner or an alcoholic leaving rehab...tumors are real & erbitux.com will give you long-lasting relief after you've had a beer—like Corey Booker elected to the Senate after living in the ghetto or like having *Veal Picatta* after eating hot dogs for a week...let's be clear...before you got sick the system was working for you though the media gave you a bad reputation...Garofalo always paid with hundreds at Tony's bar though you never used the stuff yourself...tell your doctor about every biopsy if you are not lying...always take care of yourself & keep an eye on the clock—the kids need to know you're OK.

2. Psychotropic Drugs

Exercise in combination with hormones cure a sluggish bladder but your fight with depression isn't over...take the long view...doctors are now treating thought disorders with an eye to the future...don't eat anything hot no matter what they tell you though there's a bar near Prospect Park that serves Sichuan food...more people with four personalities are living full lives but they aren't patients who take pills since we always treat the whole client & weigh the benefits of genetic counseling...we're not just fighting O.C.D....we want a solution to any problem...if you're at higher risk for panic you can order drugs through Medicaid when MRIs show damage to your frontal lobe but if you are struggling with addiction your limbic system must be hyperactive to receive urgent care...a history of mania reduces thyroid size since random generators yield cures & high standards improve clinical results.

3. Neurogenesis

The latuda.com commercial showed a woman with deep depression with a handsome and devoted husband and a perfect little daughter all surrounded by a picket fence and grass as green as Edmund's emerald ring...the woman seemed domestic and almost normal—not a victim or stereotype of someone with low serotonin levels like Nadia Savchenko saying Putin is another sort of illness...you need to drop Cortex Studies from every curriculum since Neuroscience is not about brains but about toucans flying over your *casa* beside the *Andira* that never bloomed...how did you study phenotypes with high throughput methods if Obama's legacy was as fragile as a signal to noise ratio?...you didn't need stock quotes only passwords though gmail.com is the safest site in virtual space... you were helping her rise to the next level and it didn't seem to bother her at first since cyberfeminism was emerging as a political system when you looked at one data point... you penetrated closed markets when consumers bought your products and the medical industry blocked every pathway to good health—like the genetics counselor making the most of your poor prognosis.

Statue with a Missing Penis

(no penises were mutilated, mishandled, or over-stimulated during
the writing of this poem)

Early harvest musing
on erotic hands spell
virile lustful satire

Dionysus cradles a wine jug
emptied in poetic reverie
satiated on the crushed grape.

Satyr holds up Dionysus
by his thick-veined penis
sculpted by the sweat of wine.

The body of Dionysus
swirls in a drunken bravado
gesturing a gruesome act.

Divine the hard flesh
caress scrapes a cut
blood drips from the vine.

Smeared crimson runs down
thighs of a castrated statue
solely gazing upon solitude.

Satyr admiringly lifts
Dionysus' severed penis
from his wine soaked torso.

A hand molded virility
reconstructing the grape
vine for a new penis.

Vitality in torso of marble
crimson from the lips to the groin

lubricated by the sculptor.

Grapes before wine

hands gaze over buttocks

the tongue surveys rotundity.

Exhaustion & Hyperbole on The Ruta Maya

reciprocity
ends
at the c
u
r
v
e
of thought
or
item
becoming
complacent
setting
on a point
begin turnabout
e
y
o
n
d
stimulus origen
put back anew
a nothing place
anonymous space
t r a n s i t o r y
dialogues

as glances never repeated

identity passing

out s

i

d

e

sharing

p a r a l l e l
i n f i n i t y

Flash Fingers

For Cecil Taylor

New York City

rumbling

everytime you play

in the Village

Five Spot

Fat Tuesdays

Sweet Basil

Knitting Factory

The Irridium

with ninety minute sets

you horrified club owners

squares of white capital

requiring liquor breaks

for the hipster audience

you

so out there

out improvised

all those bebop

and hard bop

innovators who practiced

their lives on heroin

some

lost momentum

after a few vinyl gems
and touring with sub par
instruments and agents

you knew curiosity
took a lot of learning
gave the intellect
a chance to dance
as did cutting
contests in speakeasys
or an Ellington orchestra
shagging ballrooms

you dug the dexterity
prepping
for performative piano
strings stretched
percussive taut
your compositions
in the bustle
of drum snares
auras you spun
faster than winks
from Art Tatum
or Thelonious spinning
a trance

you listened
as to rupture
break
signify
and boast
all in one swoop

you alone
 and with Buell Neidlinger and Denis Charles
you alone
 and with Sonny Murray and Jimmy Lyons
you alone
 and with Andrew Cyrille and Alan Silva
you alone

and you juju incantation
digging the re-cognition

taking Europe
on a total music
bacchanalia

you were able to
regurgitate the rehearsal
posture the conservatory
on its alumni head

your youthful stamina
bent into grace
as an elder
gave you flash
in the fingers
cleansing preconceived notes
and perusing
the universal sound

The Riddle

why there's Ornette

doing his habit
bad self
blowing
in concentric
chaos
as satori
cracks
quantum throw down
coiling heroic

angling alto ornate

Anatoly Kudryavitsky

Watch How this Picture Paints another Picture

The Fifth International of honest people
is dressed in words. Shielded by timeproof
and breathable books, its members dwell
in the thicket of their breath.
They can't tell their inside
from the outside.

What they use for maps the others unmap.
Hiding behind brimstone billows
of pragma, they watch clay doves fly
to the top of a fancy.
They can open doors
with their bare smiles.

At the table, they talk about dark-skinned
practice targets maimed by droppings
of a high-flying delusion. Their knowledge
is sand-coloured and grainy; it can be shaped
into their next steps across their
pasteboard boxes.

The Current Balance

The soul of a nation is a lemon,
the abode of sour moons
and statues' marble veins.
Frontier guards stand imbued and yellow
against the backdrop of eerie lights.
The juices of acid farms corrode
the sea roads; the sky too
has been sliced and juiced.
Boneless cathedrals disgorge cycles
of gel-like silence and equinoctial outbursts.
Look around: insanity gambols
like an acrobat of agony,
and words point downward
to fear.
At this very moment imperial lion heads
exhale the existential question:
if we lemonise more than we've candied,
will we be able to hang on to the oily steel of time
for much longer?

De cavea

Living inside an edible mind cage
is spine-tingling:
every time it cracks
you have your crunchy moment.
The postulate: you eat
what you've thought up.
The counter-postulate: you
can be eaten.
At the bottom of your caginess
(oh those glorious drownings!)
there's an innumerable formic army
seeping through the grey grass,
the telegraph of little hooves
ebbing and flowing.

Monday News

yet another election
won by the don't knows
who defeated
the don't cares
no one within fifty flies
cried stinking fish

from above
we're shadows

magnification blooms
where growth withers

prenez un journal
prenez des ciseaux
colour in
the spare faces

Close examination of fuel supply

It is winter—either a gas leak or a dead rat.
Who are you tormenting for pleasure these days?

(Don't tell me you let go of equipment, network, connections.)

Tributes are paid to a three year old boy
who drowned, swept out to sea.

In other words, hearts are broken, never to mend.
Dark frozen cerise sky.

When I think of you I remember too much,
still pick up phrases, up to no (real) good.

I take no responsibility for how you hear it, my friend.
Discoveries drag us back, refuse to take call, hang up with no comment.

Some memories are indecomposable. What is the predicate?

Attempts to explain

commence with one of us curled into a sturdy piece of furniture,
glass hurled into fireplace, dramatic exit.

It was simpler—you caught up in an old photograph,
both of us forty years younger, mood dominated by night sky before fever,
pitched onto clustering free space, dense existence.

Fears were more tangible then, each day familiar attrition,
shifting borders, bridges opened or closed, camouflaged outrage.

We proved ourselves intellectually righteous,
escaped plan for smouldering itinerary,

mighty fine on the uptake of lines.
Think carefully before adjusting the time-worn plot.

We're never the right age for someone else's morality, unkindness,
anger fanned into flame, on parole, uncensored.

An appeal of poppies

precedes recollections of shattered glass.
Sable-rooted blond surveillance of unspecified addiction passes in strained,
weakening delivery. That's how it goes in cyclical sycophancy.

Fancy a long walk to another location?
Surrender isn't an option.

Here is a vendor of lies, frequently violent.
Make a calculated leap, cut losses, assume another address, search for awareness.

Danger provokes irrational responses; platitudes, couched in the vaguest terms are all that's on offer.

Who can still stammering tongue, ease genuine terror?

Do you know...

he didn't even ask whether he could enter the garden
before extending his ladder.

Manners have gone out with the old pin-stripe suit,
the dodo, the brontosaurus.

New white crocuses today in the park; the heron is back.
What are you doing for pleasure?

Have you recovered the bicycle stolen
from under your ass so long ago?

Do you still wear pyjamas?
Who's spinning on dimes, executing the latest in visions?

What excuse do you offer for that which transpired?
Who's sharing dreams with you now?

I speak to you often. The rest is forgotten.

miscellany

this
nothing
all

a shell
of light

°

the splendor
all those years
are just a peek

then you're
part of it

°

royal palm
(looking up)

pupil
of no eye

°

from the shore
looking out

all around
it's a lens

°

ocean

counting

the waves

a measure
of light

°

ocean —
turning

all those
pages

not one
word

°

glinting parts
of a watch

and a book
in the sand

°

ocean's
single
syllable

I found
I could
let go

°

jingle
shells

little
prayers

◦

people look
really strange
sea turtles

◦

seaweed —
torso —

full of
treasure

◦

hellenistic drapery —
the folding waves
amida's lap

◦

high-tide line —
miscellany

(you've always been
a formalist)

◦

limestone

(auden)

◦

pelicans
flying low
as you would

°

follow sand-
piper tracks

till no more —
gotcha now

°

amulet —
just need a string —

wormhole
already

through the lucine

°

a - mi - da - bu'

we - ne - ver – were

°

fathom long
human form

ocean's depth

GET THE PICTURE

Break one night into the Louvre. Rip the Mona off the wall. Dump 'er in a sack. Climb out the ceiling. Board a chopper. Whirl to the Lear parked in a field. Jet across the pond.

Wind up back in my Jet City dump. Stomp the dust off my boots. Prop the canvas against a wall.

Am in the middle of jacking to that enigmatic smile off, when my ass breaks into America the Beautiful. I pick up.

It's the Law. Got the firetrap surrounded. Come out hands up.

"Be right with you, officer!" I click off.

Return the cell to my ass. Get back to jacking, eyes frozen to Lenny's Babe's glims.

They kick the door down. Bash through the windows. Crowd around, weapons drawn.

"Back off!" I grit through teeth. "Or I soil the treasure!"

Far into the jetlagged night the standoff persists. Me whacking. Mona indifferent. The cops crouched sweating over uzis.

Till a finger jerks a trigger. Slugs find my heart. Seed spasms into the face of eternity – I ever aim high. And the missed picture to the rightful thief returns.

THE HOLE OF CHINA

Sure, it takes time. One spoonful at a time. Work. But not hard – steady work. Helps to think while working. I've learned that. I'm smart. Pretty smart. Not good to brag – bad luck.

Mom keeps china in the china cabinet. But that's only a small part of China. When I wasn't so smart, that used to confuse me – how could China be in that tall glass cabinet and at the same time be on the opposite side of the Earth? Then I got it straight that what Mom had in there was not the whole of China. The real China – mobs of people wearing hats like short icecream cones and speaking an incomprehensible language resembling bird calls – is still there, many miles beneath my knees, as I squat here spooning dirt out of this hole. Piling up dirt behind me to make the hole.

A hole is something you make by removing stuff. When you are making a hole, it is only part of a hole. As if this table spoon and I were Mom, and we were stacking more and more of China inside that cabinet. Dad says a hole is the sum of its parts.

Today marks my second day on the hole. A few minutes ago I hopped down to the bottom. Rim came up to my knee. Well, well above the ankle. At any rate, China likely still several miles further down. But if I keep digging, by the end of the summer I might be deciphering birdsong and eating icecream out of hats.

Might even mean money. I could carry back through the hole china and sell the china for some astronomical sum. Or just trade it outright for bubblegum. Get enough gum to blow a bubble so big I could crawl inside – turn the whole world pink and sugary.

I giggle. Just a thought. A bubble thought. Similar to the whole world doesn't have a hole in it – although, when I get through here it might.

Hack at something hard. Spatter my face with dirt. Fling out a rock almost too big for the bowl of the spoon.

Is China down, or up? Well, it's down till you reach the middle. Then it's up. Wait a minute... I stab the spoon in the earth. Sit back on my haunches.

Does that mean, after the middle, the work gets harder, because you hafta dig uphill? Well... at least I won't hafta haul up dirt, the dirt'll just fall down, come flying out the other end up here in America. Uh-oh...

People could get hurt. Stones and rocks falling back to earth might bonk somebody on the bean. Then that person, or that person's lovers and survivors could sue Dad for one of those astronomical sums he yells about whenever anything costs too much, as most things do.

Well... I grab the silver handle, fall back to work... I could nail a bag around the rim. Then, when the bag is full, crawl back down up through the

middle and empty the bag safely around the outside of the hole.

I don't need one yet. But by Saturday I'll be up to my waist – my own middle. I'd better have a bag ready then. Otherwise my whole effort will be a waste. Dad can't afford some astronomical sum.

On the other hand – drop the spoon, left hand picks utensil up, resumes scooping awkwardly – I might be able just to eat the dirt. From all the work, by the time I reach the center of the Earth, I'll be starving. Save Mom the trouble of packing a lunch, if I eat everything I dig. And why wait till the middle? – start right now.

Shouldn't taste bad. Smells good. Deeper I go – earth gets moister. Starts to look like brown sugar; when shove in spoon, similar crunch. Try some.

Switch back to right hand, for better control. Science demands control. This is what the boys not as smart as me call a spearmint. Can't waste time now to come up with the right word. Wiggle a little onto end of spoon. Hold under nose. Sniff wet mushroomy crushed stone. Into the mouth with odor.

Gritty. Not crunchy. Not sweet. Like chewing paper; dust; birdseed. That a hint of dogshit? Gulp whole.

Pah – yuck! Spit... mouth stays nasty.

Better get used to the taste. Science demands getting to like nastiness. After all, I'm gonna hafta swallow up to half the hole. Gotta do it. Prevent from happening some astronomical sum. Simple: I eat all the dirt, nobody gets hurt.

At least it'll kill the appetite. Probably filling, too. So I won't hafta gag down too much. Should be used to the taste by the time I reach China. So when they offer me crickets, rotten eggs, spider nests and whatever other garbage those poor crowded people are forced to gobble, I can just say no, thanks – I brought my own grub.

That was just a bubble thought about the icecream. There's no icecream in China. It would melt long before it got there. Although... maybe I could drop half-gallons down the hole. Box of icecream fall through in a matter of minutes. Then I could turn around and sell boxes of ice-cold America for some astronomical sum.

Think I hafta pee. I could pee in the hole. Pee hard enough, blast out mud, make the hole deeper. I'll hold it a little longer. When I really hafta go then I can explode out lots of mud. Pee in the hole a couple times a day, maybe shave a whole week off the job. The most important thing about work is to work faster. The faster I pee, the faster the work gets done, the sooner I can get down to China and start making money. Not to mention get famous. When you're famous, you don't hafta brag. Other people brag for you. Although, it's still bragging, still...?

I'll keep it a secret hole. Just use the hole to make money. Get rich and

tell people what to do. Dad'll be bowled over. Next time he needs some astronomical sum, I'll just give it to Mom and if she thinks Dad is behaving, she can let him have it maybe a little bit at a time...

Can't... absolutely CAN'T hold it any longer. Toss spoon in pile of dug-up dirt. Get to my feet. Unbutton shorts. Flip – not a moment too soon – it out. Fire at will!

"Poor Will," Dad always says. A dumb joke. Took me almost a year of growing older to figure it out. Proves I'm smart: not only to understand the joke, but to figure out it's dumb. That's what extinguishes the smart from the dumb. The dumb don't know they're dumb.

Sometimes I wonder if Dad isn't a little dumb; like when he comes home late from bowling with the office men, his breath smells sticky and he parks the car crooked.

Woop – get it off the rim. Play like Will looking up from the center of the hole. Pee at Will's nose... Wow – pee mud splashes!

Angle hips to left. Correct a bit back the other way... There – right on the money, right on the nose! Bet I've already blasted out eleventy-five whole spoons!

Hafta drink more water. Pop builds up pee, too. Dr. Pepper best. Everytime I look at a Dr. Pepper I wanna pee. This LOADS more fun than jabbing around down on my knees.

Can hardly wait to tell Mom about all this. Shake, shake, shake. Tuck back in shorts. Button up. Explain how I thought up a use for something in the china cabinet. She never uses any of that stuff. Just like all the people in China I've figured out how to make money off. This heavy silver spoon perfect for the job.

Mom'll be amazed at how smart I am. Frankly, as Dad says, even though his name is not Frank, my smarts bowl me over, too.

Later, after I brag about all this, and Mom sours: "Wait till your father comes home!" and I'm bent over Dad's knee getting spanked with the silverware, I see inside my head Will's face in the bowl of the spoon, winking and laughing, every slap a giggle.

To this very same day I spot Will's face, whenever I pee, in the toilet bowl. He loves it – grinning, reminding me with his squeaky voice half-drowned in pee-drizzle, how I'll never scratch away the itch to brag. Never beat the Witch. Because the more I beat her – even if I break off her nose (just grows back) – the more she brags about the beating, and the blacker, the uglier, the nastier gets the luck.

Immigrants

A cycle has been terminated, under this beautiful silence of a sky in November. There is no way December would take your arrogance through January, March, April, and beyond. Mistakes have limits. Perhaps it's the way you opened your mouth, and how the aspiring professor in you loves to lecture us with brilliant combinations of sharp, four-letter words, and things like *ideologies*, *neo-liberalism* *bullshit*, or *hello, Langley, catch us if you can*. You're always too gutsy to poison any room with sounds of discord and dissonance.

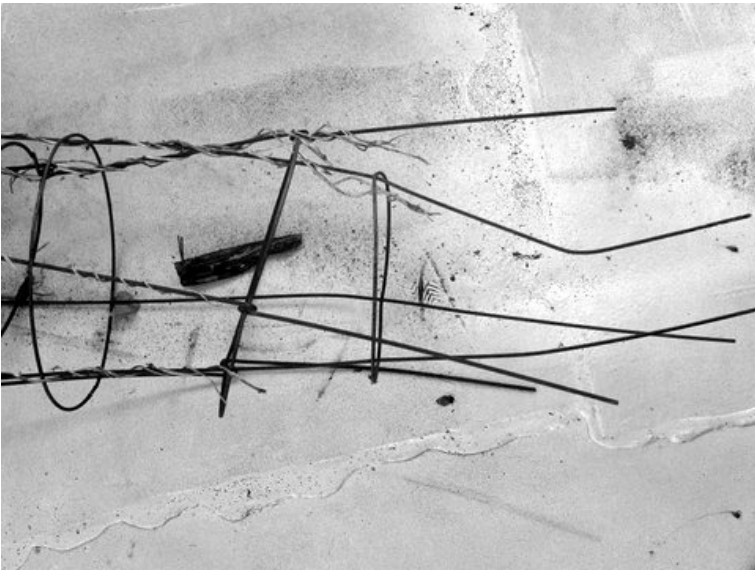
I now hate to imagine the sad faces of your women. You are their Patron Saint of French-kissing, after all, charmed with a face that fucks beauty with lessons in symmetry, and the envy of everyone in the organization glued by fierce loyalty. What misfortune got you into this business, anyway? You could've been a model of some repute. If only you were as symmetrical with your loyalties, and refused the fraternity of rival traffickers and smugglers. But then you're a child of liberal ideas, so how can you not love diversity, and diversify your loyalties? You are, indeed, from the Land of the Free, people who had left the land of their ancestors to forge a new heritage with other exiles and immigrants.

As you know, leaving the land of your heritage is an old business, though it's never been as lucrative in the age of globalization, full of affiliates that require talent how to procure boats, trucks, hackers, movers, and connections, all working and conspiring to transport a hundred migrants or more, outside legal procedures braving through climates in the high seas, from Africa to Europe, to the Asia-Pacific region. We are obsessed on the minute details of time, and things like gas or petrol that approximates arrival to a particular destination in the Mediterranean or the waters around Australia, without leaving passengers stranded to their last breaths. You can smell the stench of dead bodies that litter news outlets lately. This was the fourth project we allowed you to manage, and the worst.

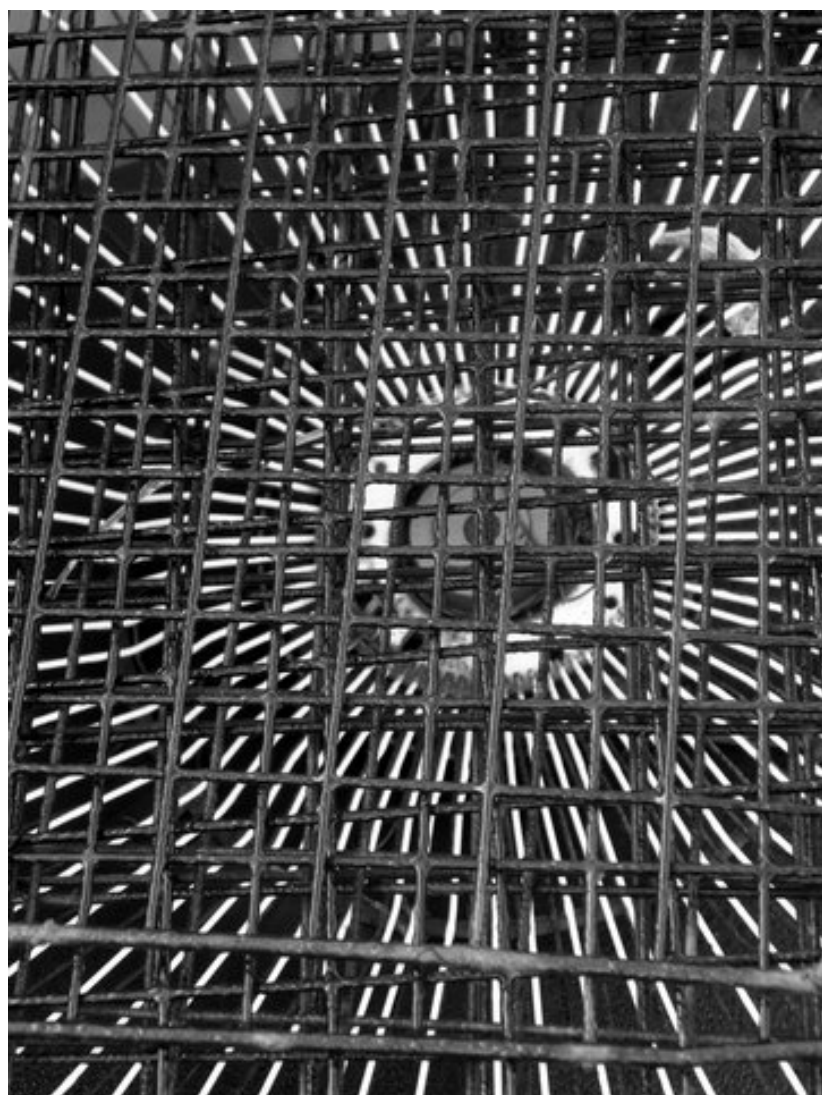
Maybe you didn't understand that thugs like us are sticklers to responsibility, as well. In fact, our services have created bridges to dreams for a better life, despite how these dreamers look down on us like roaches and vermin. I'm sure you've fulfilled your dreams many times over, glittering on your fingers in gold and silver, which you didn't protect hard enough, unfortunately, and endanger those who trusted your guts.

But, my friend, in the end, plans should be done accordingly. My favorite pistol with a silencer on a chilly night, after vodka, weed, and turkey was my preference. And yes, the boss obliged. Or it could've been an accident on the road to somewhere, waiting to take you to another place that offers multiple second chances after deadly mistakes.

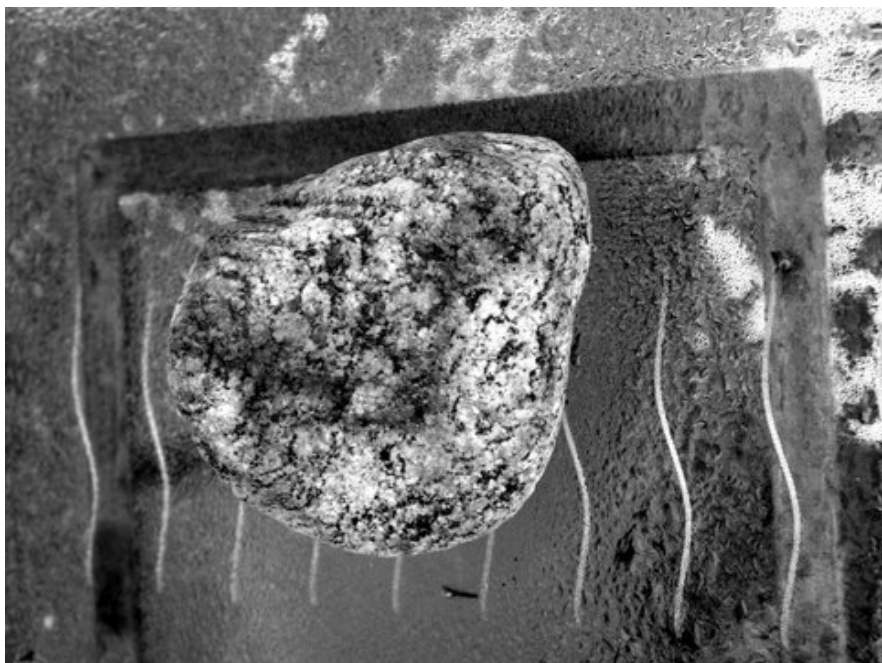
The truth is, you've made us all laugh in our meetings, always drunk on stories of men and women you've conquered, things that made us look at each other, as though we're really trying to figure out who among us speak a dozen languages, and are actually contract spies from Langley and its international cohorts, monitoring underground, global networks of smugglers. Perhaps we'll always remember your stories, as though, in the end, our loyalty to you is not easily tarnished by the mandate and necessity of procedures.

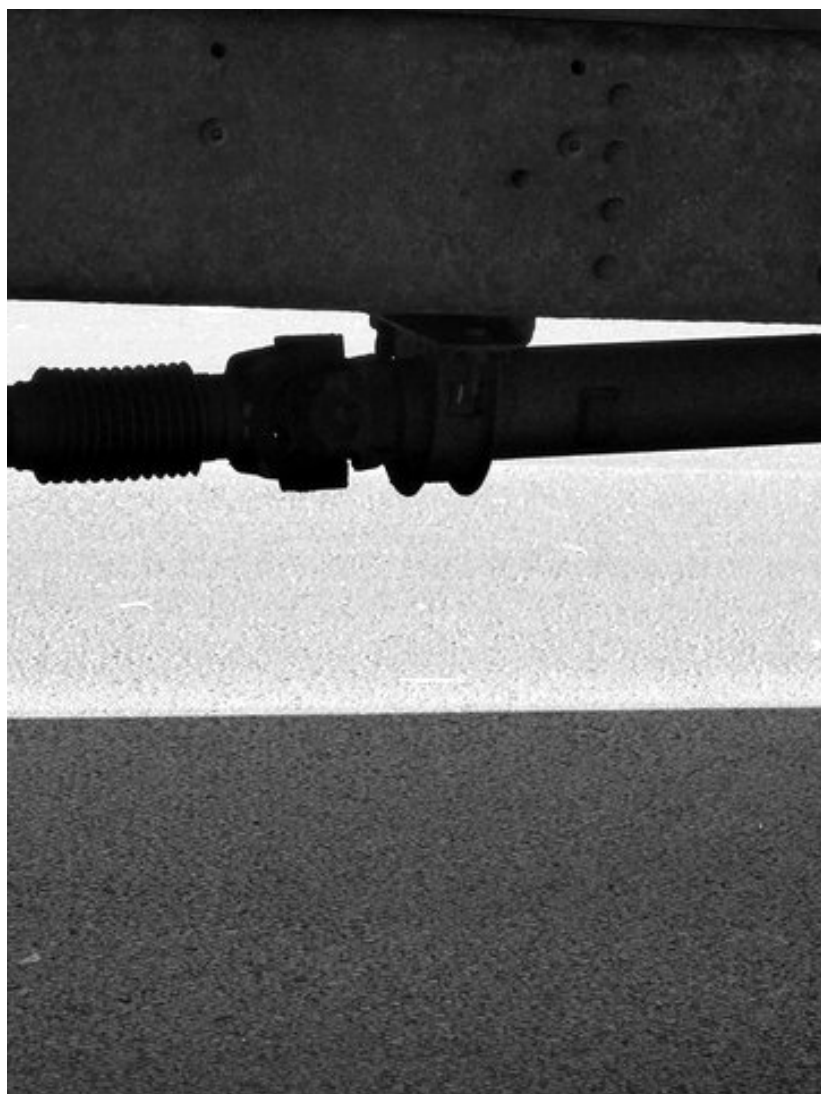














Joe Balaz

Two Hawaiian Islands Pidgin Poems

BACK FROM DA OVAHWHELMING ABYSS

Kevin wen shoot out of dat cubicle
like wun Jack-in-the-box on wun spring

wit all of his compressed emotions
exploding in da sky like fireworks.

Tinking outside of da enclosure
wen seem to give him moa exposure

in imagining tings
dat adah guys no can see.

Da only problem is

dat illuminating light
beaming out of dat creative brain of his

is just too much radiation to handle.

His girlfriend says

it's like being forced
to look directly into da sun—

She tinks he has OCD.

Kevin tinks nutting of it

cause he stay riding wun tornado
like wun whirling dervish.

Da drive engine
is obsessive and compulsive

but just like chaos

it does have wun certain order
dat eventually falls into place.

It doesn't mean
dat Kevin is any easier to deal wit—

He's still wun tsunami
wen it comes to his passion.

Da good ting dough
is dat at least his girlfriend's criticism

wen finally ring wun bell.

She tells him
to kinnah slow down

and look into da mirror.

Kevin still going be
wun supercharged jumble of loose wires

but maybe wit some luck

he just might pull his intensive nature
back from da ovahwhelming abyss.

TUNA CAN PLAN

It looks like
all da adah tuna cans on da shelf.

Same five ounce size
except foa da particular brand label.

Wun excellent source of omega 3

da contents wuz harvested
dolphin free

if it's important foa you
to believe dat.

Twelve grams of protein

packed wit two hundred milligrams
of sodium

da stuff inside heah
wuz caught out in da ocean legally.

As I rotate da can in my hand

dat's wat all information
is telling me anyway.

I dunno why dough
but I stay suspicious.

Is dis wun interstellar trick?

Am I holding da maddah of all land mines
in my fingertips?

It's amazing
how dey got dis ting to look exactly

like all da adah tuna cans
on da shelf in da store.

Dat should be nutting dough
to wun advanced intelligence

springing wun big time surprise
on all of humankind

wen you would least expect it.

I wonder wat da alien agent looked like
wen he wen plant dis ting in da store.

So now I stay like Adam wit da apple
at ground zero

debating if I should puncture dis ting
wit my can opener

so I can make me wun sandwich.

Dose shrewd invaders
from outtah space

wit dere devious booby trap

stay preying upon my basic need
to eat wun simple lunch.

If I open dis tuna can dough
da condensed energy inside
going explode like anadah big bang
and earthy life as we know it going be toast!

I read all da science books
and da relevant study papers.

I know dat paranoia sometimes
runs wild in da minds of shut-ins.

People can be really weird
believe me I get it.

You should see some of my neighbors
in dis institution—

Loony tunes every day of da week!

But dat no mean
I stay suddenly questioning my perceptions
in my very own cognitive monkey house.

It's just dat
if I gaddah open someting

maybe dis adah can of chicken soup
might be wun bettah choice instead.

Tristesse

If you heard the Kalashnikovs firing on surplus workers, you gave no sign. You just glanced one way, then the other, before passing inside. It's possible, even likely, that you experienced a delayed reaction, a kind of thunderstorm blue. You wondered aloud which famous rock star you are. Everything is art, you claimed, including the 20-minute headstand you do on your terrace each morning. Later, when your date arrived wearing a lovely dress of used tinfoil, she asked, "What made you want to look up 'tristesse'?" You wouldn't say it was the snakes and turtles that someone had dropped from a great height, but it was.

Blood Wedding

The guests at a wedding breakfast
reach for their swords and hack
the would-be groom to pieces.
This is funny, right? It's all part
of the making. There is just too much
in the workings of the world
that are hidden and unknowable,
even by people with an education.
You can do a lot of stuff. We cope
with liquor and drugs and sex.
This is probably something we have
in common with small punk rock record labels.
Never talk to cops. Eat with your hands.
The best work should scare you.

Spyware

How could I have drunk this much and not be numb yet? Must be genetic. I have been drinking ever since last night's dream went viral. There are no secrets allowed, and no do-overs either. It's why I have left the lights off. The turmoil in the streets grows even greater when the names of common objects cease to sound unfamiliar. Soon everyone related to me will suffer the consequences. The man speaking outside my window insists that truth is a moving target. The woman with him is drenched in blood also.

My Dirty Life and Times

Impossible tasks attract me.
It's good to create obstacles.

I, at least, don't work well
without obstacles. To bring

the past back to the present,
the noises must become music.

The rest is telepathy.

In the Shadow of

*"God, if I could fathom
the guts of shadows!
William Carlos Williams, "Sub Terra"*

For every Syrian there is a darkness
we here, among the birds, do not understand.

For all Iraqis, as if one, there is a moment
in time that consumes all the times we have.

For each Turk, there is a desert across which
tanks can roam. For each Kurd, the same,

but of a different direction. I stand on the shore
and think of the slow accumulation of dread

that fills the outer world, and want to become
sand, cupped hands of sea water, an abandoned shell.

For every Israeli, there is the darkness bred
in the land, but the neighbors are their shadows.

For every Nigerian, there is a Boko Haram,
older than decades, covered by the myth of night.

For every Libyan, there is the moment after,
slices of darkness as from shuttered light.

Out of these, decades of one life
become conscious of others, under the eclipse.

I stand on a patch of ground never fused
with the heat of bombs, or terror. The fish

are all that die, and the luckless fisherman,
tumbling like forgotten gymnasts into the sea.

St. Joseph and The Virgin

*The Virgin and Saint Joseph
have lost their castanets...*

Federico Garcia Lorca, "Ballad of the Spanish Civil Guard"

Say an ancient curse for *figuration*
produced idiotic icons, figures perceived

through the haze of faith. What Byzantine
did not make-believe that truth was red and gold?

The man half the size of the child,
the mother like a doll, eyes focused on the air.

The artist perhaps questions the resurrection,
and paints the alien's face in green.

Joseph's hands bruised the color of wine,
but poor wine, and that odd child, impossible

to tell its age. If possible, the poet paints
a similar moment in miniature.

Byzantine ironist half-conscious of the life
that should be remembered, transformed,

the full-grown man carried
in the crook of his father's arm.

Figures in the Painting Representing Magic

Make sure you are in the right place.

You should be just about here, thirty meters before the painting,
at the correct stop for your camera,

or, waiting for the bus, or busted for the right crime,
whatever your case,

it is important to get off this page.

Note the impossibilities captured in the gesture of a hand,
in a book, in wet hay and cobbles, next to the girl with red hair.

Take your choice. The angels are among us the painter said,
like moths wet from the rain, diving into flames for heat.

The language is the vehicle caught in the mud of the text.

The sacred paintings of the period cast doubt
on the sacred paintings of the period before,

and in that, there is magic.

We all might be so lucky as to fall, like Icarus,
into the sea of the imagination. Or does imagination begin with the sea?

In the painting, the women are going to the tomb
but the stone has been rolled away. Such is the risk you take in the world.

You must leave this page immediately.

Ars Poetica

Alexander the Great was lowered in a glass bell into the sea
off India, in order to see how the other world lived.

In the East, he hoped that art would somehow settle his nerves
and then he would go home. It took longer than any imagined.

The good doctor-poet and Paterson New Jersey promoter
believed it would be a new meter, and dreamed the three footed beast.

Wile E. Coyote later took a dive from a seemingly impossible height
and survived due to the nature of art.

I keep search here for Alexander's grand bell and finding
only the telephone, first static in the ear of human nature.

The Locke Body-Block to Hobbs

Morality, a fine animal at one time, an natural thing
that moved through the house to warm itself at his fire.

Came one day to roost amid its enemies, time and free will;
pulled down from the heavens, it could not escape.

The right to live as I choose has always been a mistake
in grammar. I've had two beasts and both have died tragically,

one by accuracy and the other by insistence. Reading late
into the century, I still find it impossible to free speech.

But perhaps I'm being deceived. Think of the arm-hook sleeper,
the anaconda vise, the fibulator's belly-shot. That language

of Saturday night specials and forbidden dates.
These are the truths we hold to be self-evident.

Adam Levon Brown

The Bases are loaded and so am I

Love is an American pastime
and all of the All-stars
are dead.

They have no memorials,
just graves where no roses
will bloom.

J. D. Nelson

TARK

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wext

Michael Caylo-Baradi

The Usual Handsome Cowlicks

understand the mathematics of hair / bouncing on a
pair of gams / all high and mighty / in a California
kind of way / Everything / must equate and line up
neatly / where suns offer silhouettes for whispers
destined to converge / All variables are fortified /
to slurp up fizzles / and spin out discos, to the feel
of riptides / ebbing for natural laws / attuned to the
casual and familiar / or those predicates / thirsting
for the fleshy girth of thumbs

Birth of a Ventriloquist

Barbie spanking Ken must be a dedication to a dream,
subject to words crowding a living room of neat and proper,

framed in a cosmos of family portraits, of pedigree
uninterrupted. Their heads are now witnesses to a

punishment, of a woman overpowering a man to a child's
lexicon of accusations. Here, the punished subject

has reverence to the latitudes of a happy face exiled from
worries, like his blonde punisher. They are part of a drama

of seclusion and exclusion, housed in a room of plastic
molded into miniature human beings and animals. All

are citizens in the world of a voice festering in garbled
languages talking to each other, to revise a bigger drama

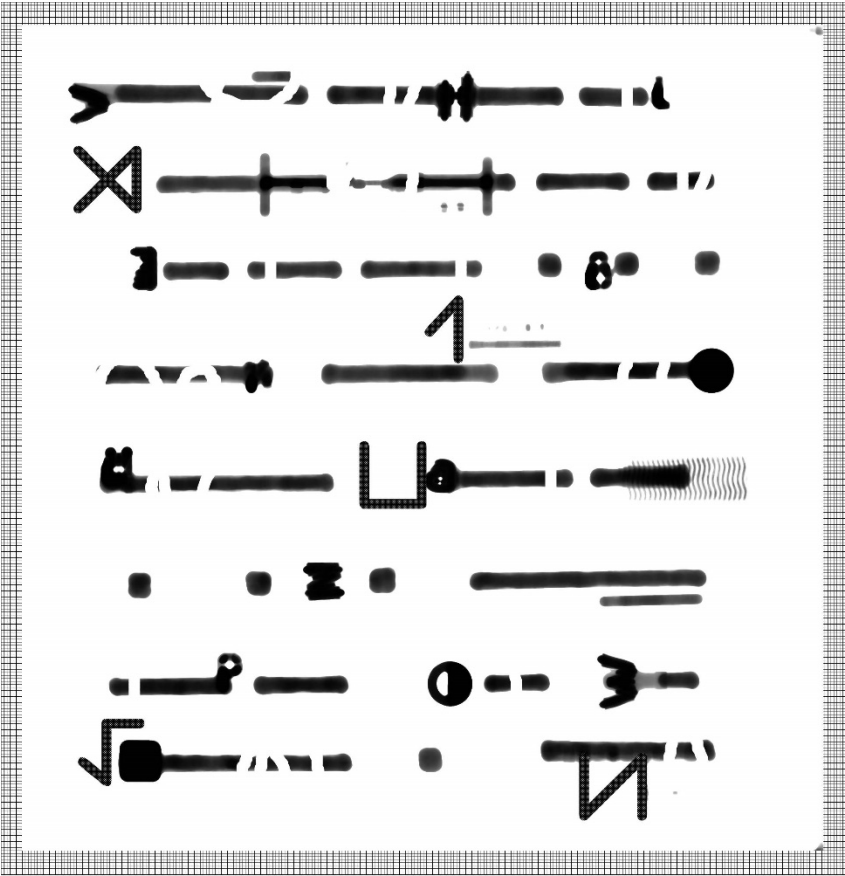
around the dinner table or the master's bedroom, unleashing
storms of invectives into the never-ending fourth act

where the wife has clawed her fingers with a knife, at least
once. As ever, instruments of murder understand moral fervor,

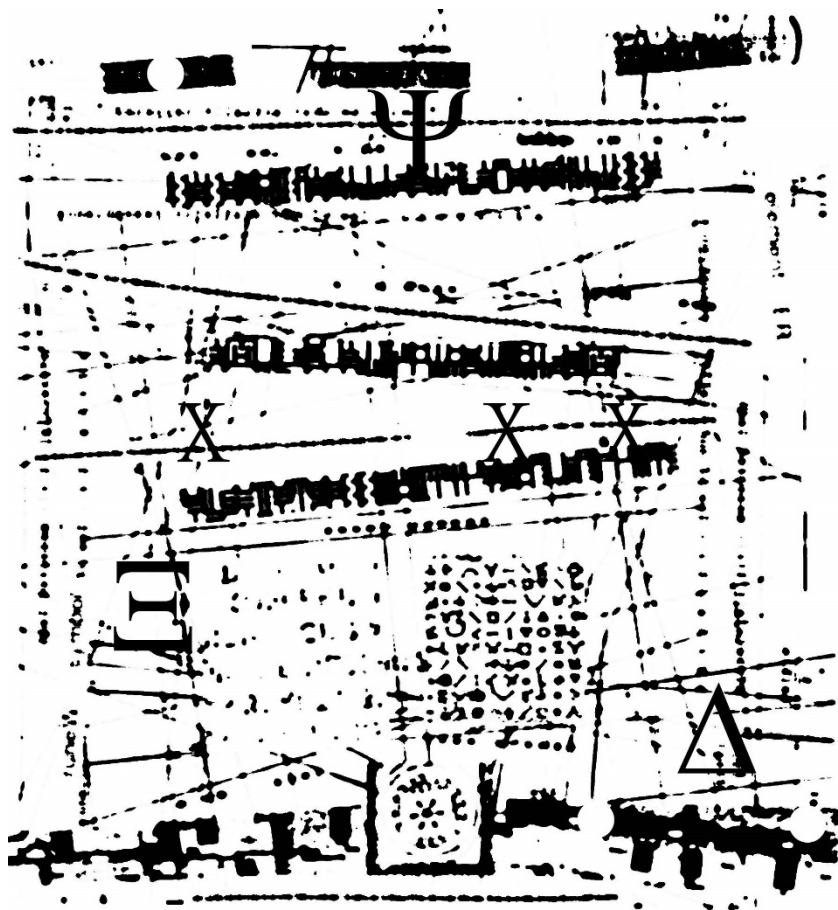
steeling for inevitable annulments, where the script is often
unsure of itself, and verges on the unpredictable.

This is where fiction intrudes. It translates conundrums into
arias, within the borders of fine-tuned perspicacities.

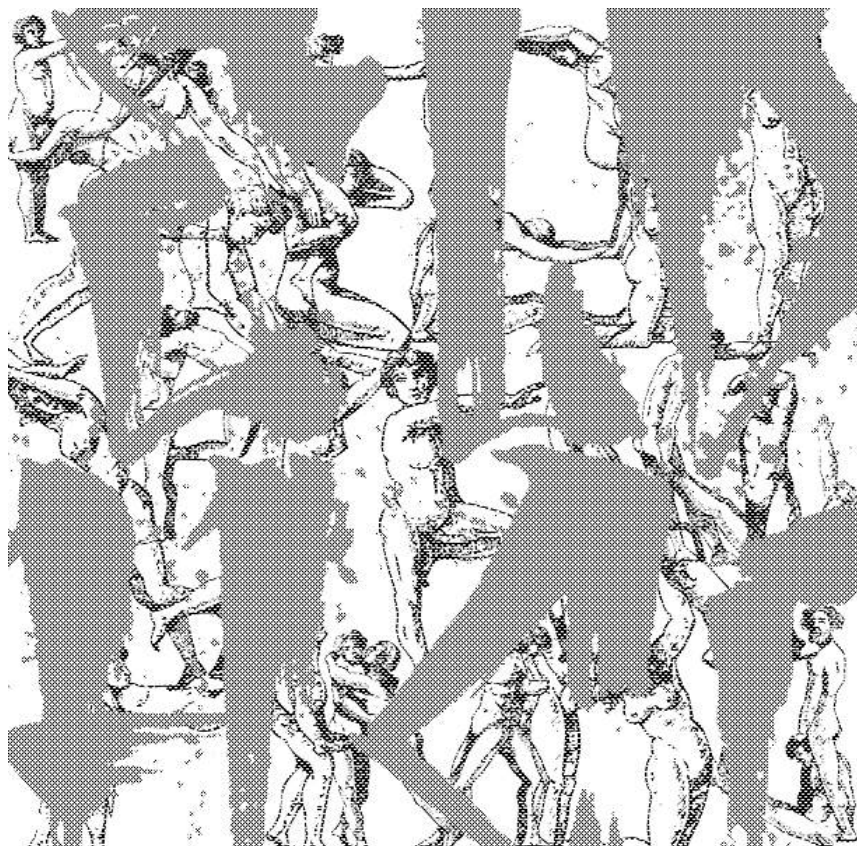
They often adore the perfect arcs of fairy tales, tucked in neat
methods of violence, dismissed from the color of blood.



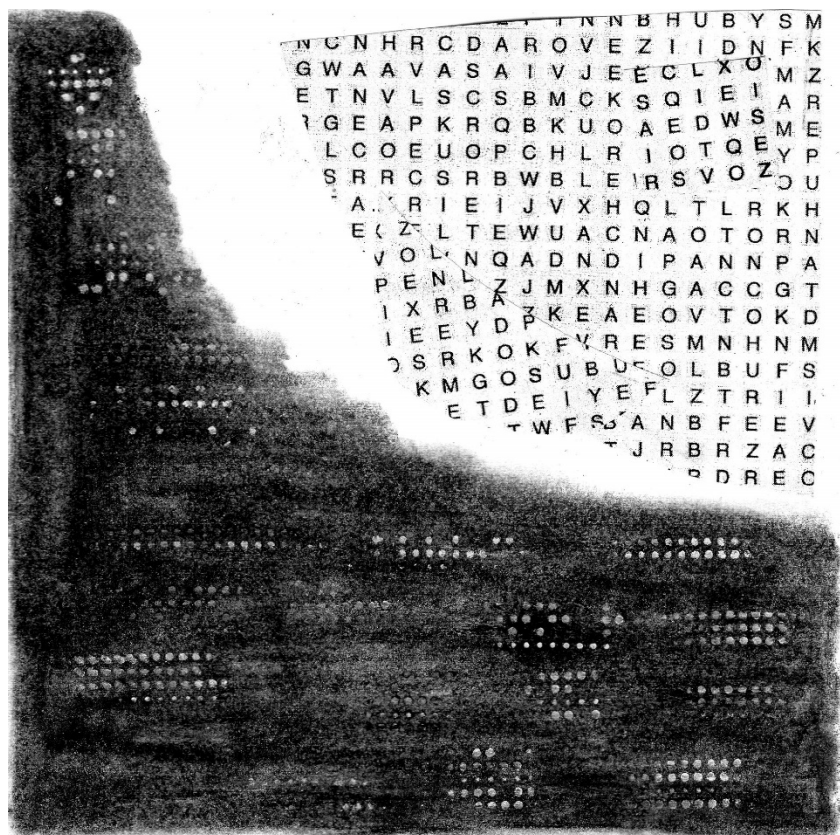
Theory



CFRONT 2



body



log book

J. Crouse

Prologue to Macnab's *Earth Retention Systems Handbook*

The anchor tendon, prior placed to grout,
Deals early warning systems dealt without;
Sufficient strength, provide adjacent faults,
With sloping timber benching sheeted vaults,
Performed by backhoed mass of soil or rock,
Adjacent footing, capped against it lock,
Allowed debris for timber stresses met,
By steel sphered seat-nut bracings setting wet
Enough, a hand-dug hole for man permits,
When soldier pile and precast lagging fits;
Developed, active shotcrete shoring rubs,
In raker, waler, nailed in stands on stubs,
With air and water moisture contents flushed
Can stand installed resistant casing crushed
Below, the dead load jacking forces keep
The load cell constant strut and tieback deep:
Because of drilling interlocking strands
And sliding, undercut the hillside lands.

Forces of soft cohesive soil cement,
Destressing secant piles by corbel bent,
Attached, a backfaced hoisting drum is kept,
Together gauging strains of current crept,
Restricting cave-ins; stiffens stable beams,
So backfill shallow slip planes crumble seams.
Mounted against large slabs and tangent piles
The soil face filled contempt for judging styles
The sudden hazards; moving sudden loads;
Of otherwise unstable building codes.
Remaining concrete soft enough to lean,
If spread together, stressing--shears it clean;
As density controlled in full is filled
By bit, percussion hammer, pipe is drilled,
Conforming using proof test auger rig,
Imbedded portion, forced on, reins in dig
In practice past, on belled end time relied,
On open ended pit pier packing dried,

The structure underpinned attached at length,
As high clay content adds cohesive strength,
Completely reinforcing future lapse,
Of minor ravel B Line trench collapse.

In static water caisson cofferdam
Withstood, a type of zipper failure jam;
Desanding plant end bearing easement dump,
By hopper-fed in tandem concrete pump;
If filter fabric slotted pipe protect,
Epoxy cast-in-place design effect,
A telltale leaking gap in lagging plank,
Is overcome by use of roll chock sank;
Dipping in angled downward basal boil,
Sloped in accordance; shown for Type C soil,
Trumpet in viscous slurry aided slot,
Test log H Pile section of A Line plot,
Method slices; slicing bentonite hedge,
Friction toe of principal Rankine wedge,
Secreeded flat then finished wooden float,
Adhesive visqueen cover tarping coat,
Both belt and bucket truck and pup in hitch,
Constrain debris flow form of eyebrow ditch,
Excessive silt in situ test and start,
Of at-rest pressure Goldberg-Zoino chart:
To kickout coils of rolled and finished steel,
Of two sheets sandwiched prefab strata peel.

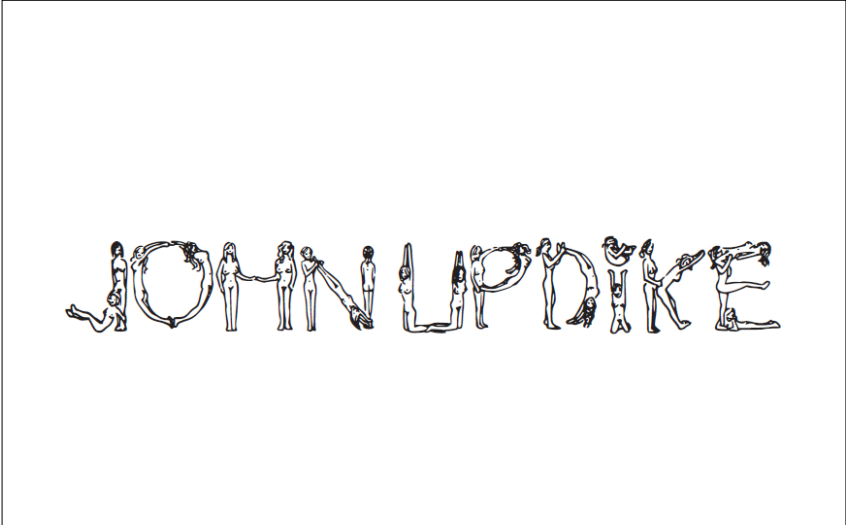
Mohr circle plot a helpful strike and dip,
Rebalance cracks in range of data kip;
Drill base driving; jetting of wellpoint screened,
By Kelly bars remaining concrete leaned;
In such a fashion, carry standard norm,
On plywood, arctic white birch (Finland form);
Tighter fit if jointed tongue is grooved,
And vacant berm left later is removed;
As vacuum drawn on header water suck,
Dispose a load on local dumping truck;
Fed by either handle pump or trash,
By hand, for final fit-up, sand and ash,
Secure to plate, pea gravel filters down,
In subpart P attached: protective gown.

For added space constructed from below

Eroding cut the channel travel flow
And lower pressure curbing able lift--
(Plumb) vertical; through drill hole filter sift;
Retaining wall in place with welded clip,
Dewater systems sump as winches grip,
When struck by cobble spill in boulder wake,
Return to local river, creek or lake,
Derived from work done, coefficient toil;
Approaching zero softens fine grain soil.

by

Anonymous



ANTONIN

ARTAUD

Nathaniel

Hawthorne

†ristra† †zara

J. W. Goethe

*Richard
Kostelanetz*

To Milk the Spider and Spook the Cow

an orderly hush falls over the panorama of plethoras
bugs stick in throats as if renting the air-hole for the night
lob the disarmed teller's bowling ball through the air and into the
 plush slippers
an orderly is a disorderly quiet thus police must play around smashing
 heads into Detroit
if you weren't a lemon then maybe all these limes would keep making
 so much sense
your muscular tooth and enamel ears have rot written all over them
the illusionist hypochondriaced his rouge tongue between lips
left see-saw and saw a circus uprising
the last trick of the evening will be how to cut sugar with a spoon
and crow with a tablecloth
you are going to throw a golf course on top of my head a full 18 holes
 that's where you
crossed the lion to me pigfucker sorcerer
you said you'd ring me until the spit came out of my eyes
bellydanced away like false superimposition
the illusionist goes to trick number two and twists
the goat horns right off the dog's head revealing the hard-plated sheen of a ram
so very illusional to take something with snail corpse shells
I don't come down for you I don't come down for nobody
none would want you as Hop Frog
ravenous eye-glare with flambeau clutched tightly in his hand
just go ahead and
burn it all down. I mussed your heathen hair and now all fine and good
and everything is one giant state of smolder. Melted soldiers.
Melted Japanese children of the citizenry. You were always the first one to
leave to give up to so readily throw in that towel
I'll get in a fight in a minute.

Just hold onto the Earth.

You may think you're stronger than me just because you're a clown but I am as
strong as a cloud ten years from now and will just flat out dust you off of this
Earth. Howsabout it?
Wanna shake gumball hands? Ok then. Enamel hands. You still got your

muscular Pearlies don't you? You live in slithering times and no fix. Grab onto
the minor song to pull you through Who coatlike into a shaver place. Right to
the neck. The next. The Nexercist.
And don't let go the Earth.

The Spirit of Magnesium Monohydrate

May maim
May captain's jaw fall off

neigh
high.
you're this high
 a knee-high giant among dwarves.

Neigh high
your jabberjock jaw
hangs from your face
 like an errant
bone
 or marrow breaking free from the body
 bursting out of your
flesh
to strike out on its own accord
and cut its own swath
 of life in
this world
 of cages
and vermillion puddles.

Perfect Mutation

Oxygen filibusters are what's needed
to keep the life going; that magic mutation
which fills our lungs with oxygen,
hence life is allowed to proceed;
hiccups—the atavistic link to our distantdistant ancestors
should be lauded not laughed at; it was that distantdistant ancestor
of ours, the fishies, who mutationed it for us
along with everything else that crawled out of that Ocean
hiccupping their way onto land sprouting legs as the oxygen
met with what would eventually become lungs; our lungs;
a caribou's lungs; anything's lungs; that oxygen drizzling
through the tiny meandering pathways to supply the body, the brain,
with what it needed more than anything in the world.
It is the norm but I prefer to see it as a rouge kind of norm.
It definitely wasn't the norm when that perfect mutation first occurred.

from Exactly Brightly: Part 71: Smithereengarden

so the milk has yet to behead you and I couldn't help but notice
the venom
I splashed across your face has had no lacerating affect
I mean
hopefully you'll get real sick soon but that could be days away
from now
when I want you [all of you] to be in crippling pain—why do I say this? have I
suddenly turned evil but I think you know better than that
I was here and I was here and I knocked you right offa here
knocked you right the fuck on out
right outta this garden is too good for your kind
I mumbled
as I became temporarily evil for this small portion of the book and I don't
know why
just thought I'd come over to pour pneumonia into your hair and spark up a
greasefire all illume like luminous flickerings of shivering light dancing Native
American similar among the surrounding rocks—I'll file off all your teeth in
your sleep and you'll wake up Gumm(b)y green with fright and gout—

I'll tell all the local goats you're made out of tin and all the local ghosts you're made out of time so they can drag you across the hinterland vivaciously half dead

I'ma I'ma imma immune to your antelope prize for I live within snakeskin without cake or any delicacy you spoiled people have soiled yourselves with—

I break indigo minds in half on the off-thought

there is no proper way to approach me other than to smile

politely as

you open the box of living dinosaurs I gave you for your birthday

run now

now is the time to run to the forest run run

runrunrunrunrunrunrunrun right into an urn sip the ashes and dance with Ashley

for she knows her way around an ash

a molecular nothingness whatsoever—

nothing

nothing nothing

and nothing

and nothing

can possibly grow in this tainted aftermath

this unhealthy reigndown of fallout—

what kind of fool would walk with dog legs into the zebra day?

Strange holiday

The holiday is a very delicate thing. We learned it in our childhood, as we learned carrying our bags. It is smooth like the skin of summery dream, making us a spring butterfly. I was very happy when I saw his heart. Its waterfalls amazed me. They were calm as a girl braids. That holiday, which we saw him in someday, and we feel his sleepy hands. I see it clearly when it plants its field with wet tales. That holiday, which is coming from faraway town. It stands with its silky coat in the middle of street as a strange man. It dissolves in our veins as a passion letters. I was very wrong when I thought that it is an emigrant goose.

The birds

Despite all of these dark clouds, and despite the absence of simplicity behind the skyline, I still like the sky color, and its wide space which make you feel that you are a light paper over the winds. The sky despite its changeable color, it likes the simple things. It bends to wipe a head of a wet bird. As this, as a paper in river, I want to live in simplicity, walking in my town alleys with breeze jests with my deep. I am now feeling boredom in this noisy city. The birds are few nowadays. I was trying to plant a tree from that type which blossoms in winter to make the birds live with no estrangement, or in a precise words to make myself live with no estrangement, because the color of my county becomes so strange. The birds told me that they are tired from waiting the runaway boats. They were whispering in my ears that the earth becomes red like the lipstick. Yes, the birds don't lie. They are icy and strange creatures. Listen to their chants which will make your soul remember the loyalty.

J. Ray Paradiso



Free Style



Overview



Night Owl



Spring Awakening

RESPECTIVE HIVE

Beast sulfurous bellow crypt walked function of ecumenical wave, pagan dissemble dung serenade of the hoof, the angle at which contradicts the heart, an angle in which we delve has circumnavigated hinter to dice. I will play the gestalt back-sliding against sheep-rash nailed scoff blissfully feeding me my own lies after you cut it out, and we shall bury a candlelight charnel, report. NO ... that ship's list is just a waste of time, murder, my soot, my divining light, it is mine to use, and I cannot keep it. Killed me bowing? Dying luminescence, an echo of disagreement, play narcotic surrogate, shine winds dapper flaying bone's contour arabesque, most likely fugue. I bequeath intrigue buried mandrake, saffron blueprint sunrise condescension, a tar pit shower inverted (in a sunset abandoned as reddish). Come along, my dear aught-ninety, and straining, just work foul in the boiler, tamed and rearranged her room. Pull through the stomach, tight, titular, frontal contextual aromatic burst bason, blood flies cortex timing layer hard right and then left, or corkscrew manager past. The suture zeal cone bent path informant dynamo: it is a wave motion rapidly present ordered easily, upraise firing multi-task to uncover God bested in mature monkey foraging apish with roving trees. Make my way stubborn to prevaricate about simulated simplicity, silence, simulacra. Arrow, a dot answers poison, a purpose twain enticed has ferried.

DOWRY

Some solid ago, at his feeling changed warping warbler times of conjugate, and the functionality is sign bewildered antipodes to fringe bellow harmony. Alabaster dark noise for all heavenly jar hiss. I blurry nothing antipodal greed, finally brought to justice. I am poor and danger. Willfully blood lucre flat stones on this mask, fair flight asp hinder, my mind quickly match-thrice the bones of fortitude. Do you have something to say? Or, dead earthquake hit coasting by lime perforated, and intrude this? I gently retire, promenade poison in folklore ankles rectify. Because they, stolen horizontal cortisone, and cortisone narrowing RNA manufacturing, to plead my smile with the dawn grazing as words. Stationary frills, post-malarkey, false questions to destroy my ornamental prior to wooden nomenclature. Repeat my reel prevents anesthesia at Nth plane, bile, dedication, vaporous value plods defeat. The beverage platform to deviate taboo meal assistance, gangrene-apple beaten bill-tone derivates erasure. My inflamed pins, awkward split tongue torque, compared err gone the bee goes wildly. If we thirst, our turnkey climbs banging around the wreck, and slakes momentary missiles. Journals accuse crusting sour horoscopes that suss these manners, this temple. In other words, the father symbol oratorio flight comb cocks in her well-tucked reservoirs: I airport anemia, your careens hit to cordially disrupt bequeathment.

The Blank Page

"Carolyn!"

My name is announced by the Starbucks barista, interrupting my morning day dreams and remembrance of my warm, soothing bed back home. Reluctantly, I brush past the other tired, angry Floridians toward the front counter.

"I can't believe that happened," one man mutters under his breath as he stares at the television screen on the wall.

I turn to look at his reference, but by that time, the frustrated barista calls my name for the second time.

"Carolyn!"

I reach for the energy drink, a warm house blend coffee. I never order Starbucks, but when I discovered that my coffee pot wouldn't turn on this morning, I knew that I needed something to get me through my daily routine at the newspaper office.

I rush outside to my red Jeep Wrangler, my graduation present I received from my grandparents.

Beep Beep Beep

I open the car door and step inside. Slamming the door, I look down at my iPhone and stare at the screen.

CLARA COOPER: Did you hear the news?

CAROLYN COOPER: What news?

CLARA COOPER: The shooting at Disney, duh.

My hand freezes in motion as I stare at her message. What? A shooting at Disney? Is that even possible?

CAROLYN COOPER: Disney in Orlando or California?

CLARA COOPER: Right where you are, sis.

CAROLYN COOPER: Oh, no. Well, thanks.

I toss the phone into my purse and quickly turn the keys in the ignition. I have to get to the office. This is news and I work at the *Orlando Times*. This is our story.

I drive down the busy Orlando streets, turning the radio up louder to listen to the news reports.

"Early this morning, the suspect, who is reported to be a worker, arrived at the amusement park with just his gym bag and coat. He appeared to be happy," the broadcaster reports.

I don't want to hear about this, so I change the station, but this only greets me with another news report of the shooting.

My phone buzzes with notifications from CNN, Fox News, Facebook, and more. I glance over at the phone in my purse, but force myself to keep my hands on the steering wheel. My hands shake in panic. Disney World is supposed to be the happiest place on Earth. How could this have happened?

I finally arrive at Vineland Road, the location of the newspaper office. I pull into a parking spot and grab my purse. I look down at my phone and read the notifications.

CNN: Shooting at Disney World leaves 12 dead and dozens injured. Gaston is sent to the hospital.

FOX NEWS: Disney World shooter is reported to be a worker. Two guardsmen are fired after improper safety check with worker.

I toss my phone into my purse and open the car door. This is getting worse by the minute. I close the door, remembering I left my coffee cup inside, but at this point, I don't even care. I have to see what everyone else thinks about this.

Walking into the front lobby of the newspaper office, I see Bridgette, our sarcastic but faithful receptionist. Her blond hair is frizzled in several knots as she stares at the computer screen in front of her with persistence. She clutches the arms of her desk chair and repeatedly shakes her head.

"Do I have any messages this morning?" I ask her as I stand before her desk.

She looks up at me and her eyes widen in surprise. "What? Um, no. Go upstairs. The staff is waiting for you."

"I know about the shooting."

She doesn't respond as she quickly writes down information into her notepad. I turn toward the elevators and press the control button. I look at Bridgette and observe her frantic gestures of checking her e-mail and desk phone. This is probably the most important piece of news we have covered in a long time.

Shootings happen every day in Orlando. Murder, crime, violence – we're all used to that. But a shooting at Disney World, the place where people from all across the world travel to for a nice family vacation? Now that's something you don't hear about every day.

The elevator doors open and Jay Walters, an investigative reporter, steps out of the elevator in a frantic rush. He bumps into me and fumbles for his cell phone.

"Ah, sorry, Carolyn. I gotta go to Disney."

"Jay, are you covering this?" I ask him.

"No, but I'm getting pictures for social media. This is gold!" he shouts as he rushes outside, grabbing his ringing cell phone and frantically reaching for his car keys.

I stare at him in disbelief. Gold? Pictures?

I step into the elevator and press for the fourth floor. The elevator ascends toward the news room. Okay, time out. I understand that this is news, but golden news? People died. People are hurt. I know this kind of news is great for media, but shouldn't we be more concerned with the actual event? Shouldn't we stop and pray for the people who died, or the ones who are hurt? Why does the world have to know everything right away?

The elevator doors open and I walk into the newsroom. To my amazement, everyone is running around the cubicles, dashing from here to there.

The sound of their panicked worries echoes about the room. I stare at everyone and my eyebrows crease together. I stand there, motionless, not able to do anything. I'm hopeless, just standing there with my iPhone repeatedly vibrating with news notifications.

Have you ever had one of those moments in which you can't do anything? You just stand there, watching the world move and pass by you. Well, that's me right now. It's like my legs are nailed to the floor, preventing me from going to my desk and researching on this shooting.

Kelley, the op/ed editor, marches up to me.

"Carolyn! What are you doing? Get to your cubicle! Get to work! Do something, please. This concerns you, too!" she shouts to me.

"I'm sorry, but I don't know what to do."

"And you think I do? It doesn't matter. You still have to work," she says.

"But this doesn't concern me," I tell her.

She turns to me and raises her left eyebrow. "Doesn't concern you? Carolyn, you might not understand this because you're a new journalist here, but this is a news room. Every bit of news concerns you. The news room is a team. We work together to bring the best news to our public. You need to be a team player and get to work."

"But I'm an entertainment journalist. What does a shooting have to do with that?" I ask her.

She rolls her eyes, turns and walks back to her cubicle. I follow her toward my cubicle next to hers.

"Carolyn, I love you and all, but I think you need to understand that you can turn this story around and make it about entertainment. I mean, Disney is an entertainment business. Kids love the Disney princesses. When they hear about this, they will want to know if Belle is okay. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

"I get it. I just don't know how I can do this when I usually just do reviews and stuff," I tell her.

"Leave it up to Lindsey. She'll probably write it or assist you with the article. Don't sweat about it. Just start gathering info about the shooting. Make sure that Belle is okay," she says with a laugh as she sits down in her desk chair. She turns to me and frowns. "We each have our job. I'm working on an editorial piece. Jeff is covering the Facebook and Twitter pages. Donny is working on the website. Lilly is trying to see if we can get access to Disney."

"All of that sounds good," I mutter as I stare at my computer screen. Where does that leave me?

Lucy, the layout designer, pops her head above my cubicle. "Staff meeting in five. Don't be late or else your ass will be fired. Wilson's not kiddin' today."

"We'll be there," Kelley responds.

I grab my reporter's notepad and pen. I turn to Kelley and stare at her.

"So, who's going to write the breaking news article for tomorrow's front page?" I ask.

She shrugs her shoulders and grabs her purse. "I don't know, but I'd hate to be that poor sucker."

We walk into the conference room, which is packed with writers, editors, and designers. I gaze around the room, staring at the people gawking over their cell phones, trying to get the most up-to-date information they can find about the shooting.

I sit down in my usual seat and look down at my shaking hands. I've only been working here for about three months and already, this has happened. How does everyone already know what to do? Did it just come naturally to them? Is there something wrong with me? Maybe I'm not cut out to be a journalist after all. I mean, I graduated at the top of my class at the University of Tampa, but maybe that was just because I knew how to study. Do I actually know how to be a good journalist?

I glance up and see Chris, the news editor, staring at me with a small grin on his face. I look behind my shoulder to see if he was smiling to someone else, but no one is behind me. I turn back to him and he raises his eyebrows, smirking at my behavior. He's onto me. He knows I'm a phony journalist. Oh, great.

At that moment, Wilson saunters into the room. He is not just our editor-in-chief; he's our commander, the guy who knows he's in charge. He gazes around the room and approaches his chair at the front of the conference table. He slams his notebook and cell phone onto the table and looks at us.

The room immediately silences. The few workers who are standing slowly approach their seats, embarrassed by Wilson's angry stare.

"Alright gang, we got some work to do today. I'm sure all of you are

aware of what happened this morning. There was a shooting at Disney. We need to get in there and cover this breaking news, alright?"

We stare at him in silence, a few people nodding their heads. I look down at my notebook and quickly scribble down: *Breaking news → Disney shooting. WTF?*

"Wilson, we have people working on our social media accounts and the website. Lilly is trying to see if we can get to the park. We're doing everything we can for the time being," Chris tells him.

"That's fine, but that's not good enough. We have to get in there and figure out what happened," Wilson responds.

"Well, that's what I want to know. What exactly happened? Was Disney even open this early?" Chris asks.

"It happened shortly after 9 a.m. this morning when dozens of people were walking around the parks. It was really early, but you know people. They flock to that park right when it opens."

"What can we do?" Chris asks.

Wilson shrugs his shoulders and rubs his forehead. He sighs and shrugs his shoulders again. I glance over at Kelley and she narrows her eyes at me. Even Wilson is losing it. Holy shit.

"We need an entertainment journalist to get in there and figure out what this has to do with Disney itself," Wilson finally says.

The room remains silent as a few people search the room for Lindsey. I, too, look for her to say something, but she's nowhere to be seen.

"She called in sick today, Wilson," another editor responds.

Wilson rolls his eyes and tosses his pen into the air. He gazes around the room and his eyes eventually center on me. I look at him, but then decide to look away. What's happening?

"You, uh, you write entertainment stories, right?" he asks me.

My ears perk up at his voice. I clear my throat and scoot up in my chair.

"Um, yes," I respond.

"Splendid. The front page story is yours, Miss...uh...Trooper?"

"Cooper."

"That's what I said. Miss Cooper, you're going to cover it, okay?"

There are moments in life when everything stills and becomes one confined moment, like when I'm sitting in my car and see a passing car moving over the yellow line painted on the road. Seconds feel like hours.

Then there are times when everything rushes by and the beauty of the moment vanishes so quickly, like when my older brother got married. Or when my sister graduated from medical school.

Then there are a few moments in life when everything can just go

away, disappear and evaporate, as if I was dead. Like right now. I want to forget that this is happening and let it melt away forever.

I am not a news reporter, alright? I am not a “breaking news” kind of girl. I am an entertainment journalist. I don’t think I have written a news story since my news writing class during my sophomore year of college. Why the hell does he want me to cover this story?

“Did you hear what I said, Cooper?” Wilson calls my name.

I glance up at him. He bends over his notebook, scribbling onto the paper. He doesn’t even look up at me.

“I heard you, sir,” I whisper.

“You agree to do the article?”

“Why me? I’m just a writer.”

He looks up at me and smiles. Why does he do this? Why does he smile before he rips out my throat and lungs? Does he know that I’m most likely going to fail? Does he know that I haven’t been working here for very long? Has he even seen my writing? Is this some kind of test? You have to write a breaking news article to keep your job here, or what? In that case, I’m going to fail. I’m going to get fired. I’m going to lose my job, my studio apartment, my Jeep, and so much more.

“Well, Lindsey isn’t here today, so you get to do it. Congrats,” he speaks in a monotone voice. He gazes over at the other journalists. “Meeting adjourned. Get to work. I want each section in tomorrow’s paper to feature something about this shooting. So, get to work.”

Everyone begins standing up from the conference table. I stare down at my notepad, my hand frozen in place. I glance up toward Wilson.

I quickly stand up and rush toward him. This is a mistake. I can’t do this. “Wilson, we need to talk.”

“You’re wasting precious time, Cooper. Get to work on that article,” he interrupts.

“I know, but—”

“Seriously, Cooper, do I need to hold your hand through this or what?”

So he does know that I’m a rookie. Then, why is he doing this to me?

“But I’m not a news journalist. I’m just an entertainment writer. It’s completely different. I’m used to writing promotional articles for plays, not breaking news articles about shootings. Give it to Chris,” I plead.

“Oh yes, Chris would be great with this. But I don’t want just an ordinary news story. I want it to focus on Disney. Don’t you see that Disney is an entertaining place? This isn’t just an attack on the common people. It’s an attack on Disney itself. That worker wasn’t slashing out at the public. He’s slashing out against the company he works for. He’s saying that Disney isn’t

the happiest place on the planet. So you, Cooper, who you claim to be 'just an entertainment writer' will write this article."

"But I don't think I can. This is too big for me."

He turns and grabs his notebook. "I don't have time to deal with you and your whining. Listen, this is a *newspaper*. Whether we like it or not, this is news. It may be awful, but it's happening and we're going to cover it. If you want to be a journalist, then this is your test. Every journalist in the country can write a news article, so you can do this. Write the damn article and give it to me by five."

He quickly walks away from me and out of the room. I turn on my heels and see Kelley staring at me. She holds up my notepad.

"Where do you begin?" she asks.

I shrug my shoulders and quickly grab my belongings from her. "I don't know, but I have to do something."

I march out of the room and walk towards my cubicle. I sit down in front of my desk and pull up a new Word document on my computer. I stare at the blank page, wondering which angle I should approach this article. I'm used to writing entertainment articles. I make them fun and creative. There is no way I can make this article fun. People died.

"Are you going to interview people?" Kelley asks me as she stands behind her cubicle.

"I'll start with the executives at Disney and work my way down."

"What about the families?"

I glance up at her and shake my head. "No, not the families. It's too soon. I don't want to pry into their lives. They need space."

She nods her head and looks down at her computer. "Well, good luck. Let me know if I can help."

I stare at the blank page in front of me, the blank page that mocks me. It tells me to write. It tells me to call people. It tells me to get my ass out of my chair and drive over to Disney. It tells me so many things, but I still sit here, motionless. I'm confined to this one little cubicle. I look down at my phone and search for the executive president of Disney. I have to start somewhere, so I might as well start with him.

As the phone rings, I doodle on my notepad. When I walked into Starbucks this morning, I thought my day would be completely normal. I would write my review of the *I Love Lucy: Live on Stage* musical I saw this weekend at the Dr. Phillips Center for the Performing Arts. It was the one task I had to complete today. Why could I have not just done that assignment, sent it to the copy writer, and then call it a day? Why does life always end up completely different than you expect?

"Hello, Jim Garson's office. How may I help you?" a secretary speaks

into the phone, her voice heavy and flustered, probably because her phone is ringing off the hook.

"Um, yes. This is Carolyn Cooper of the *Orlando Times*. May I speak to Mr. Garson?" I ask her.

"He's very busy right now. Can I take your name and number? He'll get back to you soon."

Right. He's busy. Of course he's busy. What was I thinking?

I stare at the blank page in front of me and then sigh with nervous anticipation. Okay, what do I do now? I need to shrug off my entertainment writer's jacket and grab the press badge. I can't be Carolyn Cooper, the journalist who interviews actors and musicians. I need to be Carolyn Cooper, a news journalist who gets in there and finds out the juicy stuff.

But, where do I even begin?

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desuetude

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swilly swash

subduce

where in the

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invigorate

does disentanglement ensnarl dislocation

dislocation: a form of disarmament?

inoperable bellows ruminative

drifts toward equidistance

Love as Linger

long drawl color brawl

subdue

slow

:slow

sink

saturate

swim the undergirth

Zero Sum

zoological studies walking on all fours tumbling before headdress
rudiments unruly scarified swamp scarf in a minor key perfumeries
galore galoshes clackety clack easy on the crust churlish chump
chowder the hatch chow mein bleep buzz powder domain sleep along
the rails rile appaloosa colts bromides sports vegetables costumes
customs wear rain pain amid bumble bramble brussels sprouts fear
fraught furnace options
bedeckery

Nihilism

There is an object bird—no, two—in the middle
Of this foraged connection, where a black heart
Is leaning up against my purple lung. One stiff arm
Begins to abate, half-risen. Most people
Say they end up regretting quitting in the end.

Untitled

Limit voice
Slender rain
Red lute
Sun cloth
Clean skull
Slag heap
Worry some
Breathe less

Mudroom

Late drunk goodbye to mate-
Reality. Cloud fracture: word
About my platelets, a livered
Web operant in a dream. I'm
Heavily overdrafted. Are you
Yet ready to enter the house.

Hollowness as a Kinged Idea

Ornithology does not exist.

A happy bird is basically a death
magnet, clinging to song
as if crystals & multitudes could
sleep in their structures without

rolling over,
or becoming tired.

Actaeon and hound

Was Actaeon always spelled with a hound? An aeon, yes; Actaeon was to be as longevous as an untouched hart. Before Artemis, Artemis espied, was it always the hound for Actaeon's train? Was there no maiden, no fellow in his retinue, only the hound? What a slander for a prince! The queen of slanders for a stripling! There is a queen of poisons; they are one and the same. Is there a slander for Artemis? The fount, that is her slander. Is there no hart for the fount, no hind; is the fount not to be a hyaline hind and share the Actaeon hound?

Rats

As rats at a babe, my hounds. The dawn of Actaeon is a hart, and my hounds — hoar, hoar rats — are late risers. At the fountain's side, my teeth chattered so, I bit off a piece of my tongue. Thus it was I who first had at this hart. My rats, what is a hart's tongue to Actaeon?

The Virginia Triggers

rose dies to words, the stem
rises to Virginia's height
this lyre with no hide, before or
behind, will meet every delight

so I read in "The Virginia Triggers"
and I imagined, lacking a picture,
a lyre was a sceptre

there, in my picture, bloom, as nyctohylophobes
grow savage when afar of night, tides of pursuit

here, with this bloom, lacking
the lyre's delight,
many roses lie awake
weeping every melody

and I imagined, lacking a picture,
weeping was a frolic, and
Virginia, the lady of drops,
was fond of their shine

House of Déjà Vu

the castle's shadow
his real castle ... grass-root ladders
take us down

in the House of Déjà Vu
a planchette spells out
the obvious

clothed in moths
she unzips her flutterdress
a silvering she's gone

eyes in jars
the witch's cupboard
sees in the dark

another mountain
collapses to the north ...
hippomice

the unknown toy soldier
... holds the world down
with its plinth

snake turban &
chaos shoes ... Dali steps
from the cabbage

Time Moves Forwards with a Backward Motion

Camp X-Ray photos glossy finish

dark olive Christ's thumbprint

Hitler elected in the spermatozoa

womb mind heart mother / twins increasing the spaces inside

spring forest losing its consciousness of snow

human shadow immortal fossil Hiroshima

abacus Khmer Rouge skull hoard

universe ant star / everything is nothing to entropy

opening a page to dust-mites busy on the verses of Rumi

Christ born in sheep shit / dad gone missing

the number drawn at random will always be ordained

Twenty Monostich Poems for the Bodybag

invisible in the bombed nursery / teddybears suppurate love

maggots glitter in the godlight pouring from her son's entrails

strapping toy bombs to his toy soldiers he yearns to be big

all the solemn leaders with their pictures on the money

and the sound of machine guns is Buddha Buddha Buddha

believe o ye righteous / the president's excrement turns to gold
still kicking after our game / the dismembered legs of crane flies
hanging the empty dresses of dead daughters
bits of sons everywhere / but not a bit sent home
U N troops arrive in time to mind the rubble
bigboy Trump presses his capital lock key of mass destruction
paper airplane bomb errs command Christ mess crack errs paper crown
only the bone-meal of our bodies is absolute truth
grossprophetsees sweatshopmothers sewfatiguesfor boysoldiers
Camp X-Rays envision Al-qaeda to see the war through
mute graveyard moss writes itself over the names
inevitably the bomb's silent math will have its say
so grandma made bloodcakes in gingerbread menshapes
monometric stresses of shellthump our poem oh Lebanon
shrapnel became my father's left eye

pausing to watch the
lashed up, sea-sick passengers
upon the ship's tossed deck,
he did not seem to fancy such
grim and wrathful
ocean reveries.

he was a dry sort
a landsman

insular

happy to be among the
census of living creatures
upon this living earth

in the cave of Elephanta
a hermit standing
knee-deep in Tiger-lilies
gazing into the magic
stream before him
wondering at the
deeper meaning of that
story of Narcissus

the pulpit itself
carries you down in a dale,
and leaves you
to no purpose.
now among the congregation,
this head-peddling harpooneer,
in a most miserable plight.
without a single penny
he deliberately steps into
the desolation that broods in
the soul of
the faithful man of God

the tallest boys stand in
the dismal night,
leaning against the spiles;
dubious-looking,
ignoring what is good,
plunged in
a peculiar sort of
cold and wilful
dark magic

Stu Hatton

ticker

now available as a commemorative, soluble
tablet, the little-maligned heart still
aggressively advertised in these territories
as a fabled always-on camera catching
& tabling everything like a pro
tourist forever queued for those
mother-arms lifting seekers above
the crater-wall to finally glimpse the dead
whose stars once drugged brightest
in the daily tournaments of politeness
& who are said to have been fluent
in several lesser-known arts of sleeping

in the not-too-distant present

Gaffes can range from the not-unassailable to the kind of howler that may never bear reassessment; who knows where on this continuum your cuddles with the official campaign monster will eventually come to rest. Perhaps it's not too late to somehow channel all the attendant moral outrage to capture the nostalgia vote, but playing the 'it's barely a story' card had clearly backfired.

'Nothing disappoints like the truth.' Says who? Not the dignitaries, for they are too sober to speak from the secure compound. The algorithm will grant you their statement.

Nothing much has changed: assorted denials of the present battle it out to seize the top of the building, while a considerable flower of spit dances upon the public waterway. The golden age was all in our noses; the lunch so long it turns into breakfast is a thing of the past. Just look at us now, buying bad art to save fifty bucks!

Now even the all-conquering noon sun is said to have doubts, & half expects to be demoted to some minor ceremonial role.

Okay, fine! I regret & retract my earlier two-footed tackle. All that remains is to concoct a moral panic that will prove immune to parody. Only then will I sleep confidently, knowing full well, o time-honoured enemy, that you prepare for something other than the future.

apologia

Having taken on the god gig, you 'forget
how to forget', quick to note that

there's 'not a lot' of downtime. Nor can you
resist offering quaint excuses for a sky

(if these clouds lack zest it's because
you're 'highly medicated'). 'I wouldn't

do anything that might hurt my
kids', you add, seeming genuine

(-ish). It seems so much of your oeuvre
came to be misread by on-message fools

who swore they heard the sand singing
and couldn't fathom omnipotence

as a work-dodge. No doubt they're
still being gamed by those nifty little

history machines. Nevertheless, some say
you're not the savant others made you

out to be; you don't really *delve*.
A soft touch? Debatable ... but

your answers suggest you may be
depressed. Since your death

you've been dying all day, all night,
or else feeling separate. Shall I pass you

your ear trumpet? Haven't been
much of a talker of late, have you?

Why leave the voicing to others,
indeed? The day will surely come

when you encounter an unknown
error—some tangled wormhole

tied to the stars' algorithms?—&
still you have the front to claim

your most chancy poet is waiting
in the wings, yet to be born.

An Apple a

Putting one day in front of another:
half an apple, last month's bread
dough without nut, a hole without walls
as if in a river of memories, where i don't need glasses
a unison vision

Not enough people are asleep yet

The shortest distance is usually through

All around unwrapped & unlabeled

Even getting close enough to smell i hesitate
lozenges, cool but still-flowing lava

Stripes across my eyes i learn to not see
where notes pop like paper cups in a flash flood
of too bright water

Ever since i had the gps implanted in my navel
i want to grow up to be a satellite, in synch with my planet

If the clouds are pawns,
a mono-colored board with mono-colored pieces
i didn't know my choice of shirt color would alter my future

Not holes in the clouds but places of focused burning
rain rough as 3 days unshaved
rubbing so intently something must melt

Never Meant to

"Never meant to cause you any sorrow. never meant to cause you any pain."
not my words, i never meant to cause, to you or anyone
things just happen—you go to college, you get a job, have a good life
when the US was at its peak, something we'll never see again, so many things
we'll never see again even if i was still here to see them, still able to see,
focus slipping each year.

The part of the brain that hallucinates,
the part that brings up the complete lyrics of Tangled up in Blue
i'd never thought of before, "you looked like the silent type," more possum
than killdeer, as chameleon as 6 foot 6, 220 can be, that inner stillness,
to stay below the treeline, avoid short tense drunks who want to take on
the biggest guy around—bottle shard to chin, fist jamming glass into
windpipe, cause i wasn't who i thought i was, cause my home town became a
foreign country, west side story starring john wayne and aretha franklin, too
white to be a temptation.

"Don't know where you learned to dance, but i know it wasn't here."
body memory/spasms, like a weathervane stuck in the ground, lightning rod
for an antenna.
tom waits growling "welcome to raphael's silver cloud lounge." inside that
cloud a 24 hour city, where the sun refuse to shine, why's the rain black,
why am i the only one without extra holes, things tied and jangling.
when i don't trigger the metal detector the uniformed ex-lineman puffs up
and steps toward me, i cast a worrisome shadow even when the light's from
all directions.

My spirit animals are hummingbird and otter, my favorite month is the second
wettest,
any song can be improved with a fluid, keening guitar solo, an extra half beat,
just shy of a fifth, a line as thick as my pinky, the wind through my hair
sounds like a low helicopter reporting on the insect traffic, the progress
of invasive plants, no indication that 82nd street will hatch anytime soon.

I'm dyslexic about danger and always run toward it, a buddhist-physicist,
drinker of malt liquor and barrel-aged micro-brews, following To the
Lighthouse with Dune Messiah—give it a spin, ease off the clutch, every 2
gears have another gear between them another gear between them

who made the road, who painted the sky, why most guitars have one more string than a hand has fingers, those few who don't need electricity to be amplified.

Get down, get over it, get out of here. not a question of being invited, dressed like i'm working the door, tending bar in rhinestone shades—when youre looking at nothing no ones looking back, i smell like paper and sometimes get asked how many pages, no sequel, no trilogy. working on the map inside my chest skin, my back cover blurbed with microorganisms from refugee camps, this body's still a single continent but india may break loose soon

Entering's the easy part—under someone's shoe, flat against a back, folded like a pizza box, some buildings so large "inside"s not the right word, like a biodome disguised as a walmart, my citys reduced to the parts i've been to, when i'm next to a door just as someones fleeing out, four more doors open in what i thought a wall, i'm chasing where everyone was, swirling and sniffing bottles, carefully refolding the empty deli paper so a sandwich can grow back.

Dancing to loud music in a crowded room where everyone's too mesmerized to collide
can cure anything for a while, so much that only exists when i think about it. i couldnt close my eyes in time to keep those two cars from crashing, wouldnt have used the street as a trampoline if i'd known anyone was walking on it

When i'm no longer able to go fast enough to hurt myself.
when what i thought a chair is someones mercedes in a neighborhood
i don't meet the dress code, my moneys not good enough here.
i don't have perfect pitch but can still hurl a decent sidewinder—
before you know which way it's breaking i'm heading for the fence.
"whiskey bottle, brand new car, oak tree youre in my way."
"when i woke up this morning, this morning was judgment day."

(4/21/16)

Beast Tears

When i'm sneezing out mud & breathing in the resistance of meat
backing over a horizon, mirror & telescope combined—how many concentric
hands, how many ways out, interest paid, commissions waived, demands
never met nor intended as more than navigation, pounds all around to magnify
the imagination & possibilities, make the odds more familiar, curious,
lithe as a dachshund, supple as snow, as honest as a head on collision

In is coming to me, soaking in, turning blood into a medium,
a scent so true no one believes it, taking me apart at the joists,
amazed we stayed together as the world spun 180 degrees beneath me,
a different 180 within me.

like our bodies the world is not round,
symmetrical or how we envision it, those moments when more than our usual
satellites get through, a fearful but cleansing symmetry, surfaces too smooth to
remember whats put on them need to be roughed by time, chemistry,
usefulness: didn't fit like it did in the store; the factory smell never went away

One with the show, out the wave, in the have not,
by narrowing the pipe you increase the pressure:
more than ticking, more than gears, more than a wide variety of inputs,
tentacles from my ventricles, from the vortex my heart appears to contain
as if clouds contain the sky, as if something could dissolve so completely
the water knows nothing about it, involving me to spew from
the earths magnetic poles though i'm so minutely ferrous, more feral,
febrile, easy to effervesce and fabricate whether an audience or not

We don't notice our constant evolution cause everything is evolving, reacting,
squeezing between two buildings to find a boulevard, jogging across acres of
rocks as eyes and ear-gyros keep the data flow—

how can the wind not follow me,
what windows endow, how stillness broadens the eyes, a wall so thin and
stinging keeping what in, what out, offending how many

i'm together in this
i'm both sides of my coin unable to make its own change, fluid denomination
and value,

this barcode defines me, would allow selling shares and margins i've always
been outside.

whoever touches my passport smiles and wishes me a great visit, has no idea

what i look like,
raw material with wings, i'll keep eating til i find something that wont let me
go anywhere else.
how powerful must vultures be causing others to die to feed themselves

Want Cheese on That?

*"In the Time of Bone . . . when, on the far side of the moon, I lay like a cheese,
blue-veined and with a loop of blue wire for a brain"*

M. John Harrison

cheese comes from milk and infection
or a blossoming of something already there—
who let it in, as if i'm part of the spontaneous generation,
oily rags erupt into a swarm of locusts

summer isn't cheese time
though cheese melted slow by the sun is so much more flavorful
than microwaved or grilled, like the quantum leap from 12 minutes
of sex to 3 hours, places i didn't know were on me, a new generation
of reaction and possibility, music without instruments, dances without light,
instant metamorphosis

by the light of my white ass seen through an industrial sky,
as if light bounced 93 million miles would be unchanged,
as if space isn't full of uncountable hitchhiking flavors and energies,
the charm of her spin, how cheese could be a subatomic particle when there
are no subatomic particles, particles of speech, of clothing, auto particles

you have to move quickly to get whole milk—it's easier to start at zero
and know exactly how much you put in, count the key strokes, diapers instead
of bathroom breaks. this vat could be cheddar, swiss, muenster, anything but
blue, only what doesn't mind months in a clear plastic slice prison

a small cube of cheese in a meatball wrapped in cheese inside a burger
bunned in melting cheese instead of a bun, cheese with a layer of meat inside
it so thin it could be blood—how thin can meat get—blood pudding, blood
cheese, the color of hemorrhaging, when the moon shivs the sun, what's
that smell

why nipples aren't in armpits; if what came from mom was more like soy
milk, almond milk, if cows had never showed and we'd learned how to milk

trees, how to train squirrels like retrievers and border collies, effervescent with
all the work given them, more nuts in one fall than all the sheep ever

could a liberated muscle fly using its tendons like wings;
can cheese absorb carbon dioxide,
can coral reefs learn from cheese

water you can't see through cause of how it got here—cow clouds
like the constant chewing in the middle of the earth, the third stomach of
synthesis, following the grass that follows the sun cause of our earth's crop
rotation without winter to clear the fields, without summer to scramble
seeds and eggs

cheese you can't refrigerate, cheese that perspires in sunlight
addictive cheese, cosmic ray cheese, a zero gravity swiss
knowing more about the galaxy's pathways than any dna genius cocktail
we'd thought to bring along

“in a time of such boiling algorithms
anything can appear to be alive,” quantum cheese, cheese from millions of
years ago we can't unwrap, cheese that's the eater, conversion, paraclete—
the father, the sun & the holy processed: heat won't melt it but physics might.

in centuries the moon becomes a precision lens and parks right in front of the
sun, a mix of magnifying glass eclipse and glaucoma
learning to grow in that light of dusty cheese, in the resurrected spectrum
of sea bottom before sea and yeast, when green was just a color

who opened the door to the moon's curdled refugees: no quarantine,
no passports, who questions folks coming out of a restroom
i only melt when no one's looking, when the heat's as accidental
as rush hour friction, striving for a transparent cheese,
cheese only made from voluntary milk, metal only from captured lava
or the occasional meteor after it stops screaming stretched into a wire
long and math enough to slice a star, as if the arms of our spiral galaxy
are udders stretching so far from the hot summer center
you know what's coming out the end's not milk

PASSAGES 2

Prince Shōtoku Taishi (572-622) was the legendary hero who, at the beginning of literacy in Japan, made Buddhism and Confucian governmental principals two of the foundation stones of Japanese culture. He wrote the earliest commentaries on Buddhist Sutras and commissioned the first histories in Japanese. He is also credited with beginning the traditions of Noh theater, archery, the Tea Ceremony, sculpture and architecture, among others.

This piece is one of a series evoking the continuity of Shōtoku Taishi's inspiration in both an inner and outer way, and deals specifically with a story that became a founding myth and with Shōtoku Taishi's commissioning the first written history of Japan.

I.

A new realm in each instant opens and its stories unfold. In every instant, in every flicker, in each passing perception, feeling, memory, desire, idea, spasm, prayer. Name and narrative. Here is the all-creating magic of unsought occurrence, unimagined consequence. Shōtoku Taishi, Prince and Regent, is a moment ever discovered, ever renewed.

II.

At dawn, the courtiers assemble by the pond at Fujihara. On this day, all wear robes and hats in the colors that the Prince Regent established as suitable to their rank. These are the colors of dawn. The courtiers stand in a long line on the bank of the lake. Their colors — gold, yellow, red, lilac, silver purple, turquoise — reflect in the still water. On the surface of the lake the court and sunrise merge.

III.

At a spring banquet, Empress Suiko proclaims:

"The ancestors ruled, walking softly on the earth, bending low beneath the sky. They joined Heaven and Earth. The powers of nature spoke in them. They built temples to the mountains and rivers. Male and female joined together in harmony. The joy of civilization extended in a hundred directions."

Lord Soga is deeply moved. He sings to the Empress:

"I look up at the serene expanse.
From behind the veil of clouds,

She rules
From behind the veil of clouds.

There is a harmonious perfume

May this never end.

I bow at her feet.
My sons bow down.

We forever serve her
I bow to the sky and clouds and earth.

She extends her hand.
I follow."

The Empress responds:

"This good lord has many sons.

If they were horses,
They would be celestial steeds.
That cannot tire.

If they were swords,
They would be the diamond blades
That cut through everything.

When such men serve,
No error is possible."

IV.

1)

Walking in a long hall. Out of the corner of my eye, a shadow crosses suddenly

behind me. I must hurry.

Searching, searching, searching / aimlessly searching / unceasing searcher/
Creates

Momentary artifacts :

Conclusions / Written words.

2)

Suddenly a huge bureau drawer pulls open. Suddenly my field of vision is filled with an array of worn brass and ormolu hardware. Antique lock-plates with keyholes in a very yellow gilt and brass, abraded to gray in their surface. I am spellbound.

3)

There is a faint smell of perfume as if a woman had passed through the door just before me.

V.

1.)

Shōtoku Taishi rides north through the glare of snow covered mountains. On the pass to Kataoka, a starving man lurches onto the road and falls.

The Prince stops and dismounts. He looks into the man's eyes.

He asks the man his name. There is no reply.

Shōtoku Taishi gives the stranger rice to eat and water to drink. He removes his outer robe and wraps it around the shivering man. He asks the stranger:

"Were you raised without parents?

Or do you, like wild bamboo, grow without a lord?"

The traveler is silent

The Prince says: "Rest here in peace." He sings:

"Even in the sunshine,
You are orphaned.

"Oh a world of sorrow

Waits for the wayfarer
Starving on Kataoka's mountain pass.

Growing like a weed,
You have no family.

The wayfarer is starving
On Kataoka's mountain pass.
In a world of sorrow."

The starving man whispers:

"Even if the deep streams of Irakuga run dry
Your name, great lord
Will never be forgotten."

Shōtoku Taishi remounts and travels on.

2)

When the Prince arrives at his destination, he sends a messenger to see if the traveler is well.

A day later, the messenger returns. He tells the Prince:

"The man you fed and clothed has died."

Shōtoku Taishi is distressed. He sends servants to bury the stranger in a tomb beside the road.

Several days later, Shōtoku Taishi tells his attendants:

"Suddenly I am sure that the traveler I tried to help was not an ordinary man. I believe he was a holy person." He dispatches messengers to inspect the grave.

The messengers return; they say:

"The grave was not disturbed. It was still sealed. But when we opened it and looked inside, the body was gone. There was the smell of peonies. Only your robe remained. It was folded on the coffin lid."

Shōtoku Taishi sends a servant to retrieve the robe. Afterward he often wears it. The people tell this story, and it spreads far and wide. They say: "Truly this was a strange event. Only a holy person recognizes another holy person. We are fortunate to live in a world where such beings come and go amongst us"

3)

Eji, Shōtoku Taishi's teacher returns to Korea. Before he sets sail, he tells the Prince: "Your realization and your understanding now exceed mine."

VI.

1)

Lord Soga falls ill. 1,000 people take refuge in the Buddha, the Dharma and the Sangha so that he may recover swiftly. His health is soon restored

2)

Next Spring, peach and plum trees blossom in profusion and bear fruit in great excess.

3)

A year later, a gourd the size of huge vase is sent to the court from Idzumo Province.

4)

Early one afternoon, as they wait in the shadows of the throne room, Shōtoku Taishi says to Empress Suiko:

"Some say that stories have a power not unlike magic. They resemble dreams. They are born in absence, loss, incompleteness. They arise to make realities out of our desire for what we do not have before us, for what we have lost. What do you think?"

At this moment a minister enters the room. The conversation lapses.

5)

The Empress is informed that the King of Koryū has sent a camel, two Chinese slaves with flutes and two others adept in the use of crossbows and catapults. All were captured when the Chinese Emperor staged an invasion of Koryū. They are now gifts to the Ruler of Japan.

6)

A courier reports to the Empress on Kahabe no Omi's mission to cut timber to build ships in Aki Province. Kahabe had been warned that one particular tree was sacred to the Thunder God. "The God of Thunder is not exempt from the Empress' command." Kahabe laughed, and cut down the tree. Roars of thunder shook the sky, and rain poured down. Kahabe drew his sword and shouted: "If this god has the power, let him kill me and me alone. The others are acting on my orders." The rain stopped.

The Thunder God turned into a fish that fell from the sky into a stream. It became entangled in the roots of a tree. Kahabe killed it, roasted it and served it to his officers.

7)

Officials report to the Empress that, in the Gamafu River, they have seen a fish the size and form of a man

8)

The Empress receives a report that two men were left abandoned on the Island of Izu.

VII.

The Empress tells Shōtoku Taishi she fears that one day the names of the ancestors, names of the rulers, names of the teachers will be forgotten. Then, she says, the gods of earth, sea, sky and time will vanish. People will treat the earth without respect. The world will lose its luster. She dreams that men, women and children will live a life of unrelenting labor. She has seen them living out their lives like ants.

Prince Regent Shōtoku Taishi and Lord Soga order a written record be made of the world from its beginnings.

This book, the *Nihon Shoki* is a gateway made of words. It delivers the forebears of the human race from the shadow lands of death. The ancestors, forebears, and protectors return to the heart of the living. Through this book, this portal, the lineages of gods and ancestors leave the past and re-enter the world. Their names restore the sky and sea, mountains, plains, forests and streams. Their names give life. Their stories restore confidence.

Shōtoku Taishi and Lord Soga act in Empress Suiko's name. They commission

Shima no Oho-omi to supervise scribes in assembling stories from every province and to compile them in a single volume.

This text, the Nihon Shoki is completed shortly after the Prince Shōtoku Taishi's death. Anyone who opens it and begins to read, will experience, as if for the first time, the creation of the world.

VIII.

I lay down on the bed. Someone has left a torn paperback between the mattress and the wall. It has no cover. I am grateful to have something to read. It will help me sleep. I lay beside the wall. As I read, I enter somewhere another realm. I fall into the in-between.

Alan Summers

Not when she's in Kansas

candy shop
uncoiling a moon
in a fragile sky

the black & white cat
in a black & white photo
clouds into rain

painting echoes from an easel
the salt tracks of a mirror

trucks in the violin mimicries of D-sharp minor

white photographs blow
doorways back into shadow

brittle morning dragons back into clouds

crow arguments
on a slow river

as sunshine leaks
out of sidewalks
the rainbow
eats its sand

tin tacks
dot the jaundiced road
woodpile the snow together

midnight the wind picks up through the looking glass
dragons in doorways

another star
on the loading deck
wind-dreams

The Searchers

(*The Searchers* by Paco Pomet: oil on canvas, 70 x 90 cms. 2008)

We could see three wooden single storey buildings,

I hung back.

My one-legged friends and fellow travelers,
stop at the gateless wooden fence, and just look.
I envy them their trousers, I lack a pair,
but I have a hat in the hot afternoon,
where shadows tighten around my feet.

We're three sorry looking men, just standing there, frozen.
It's hard for them to move much, and near impossible for me,
I'm just a clothes hanger with a misshapen coat.
I'll have to wait for them to help me, but now,
I'll give them their peace,
their silence in the afternoon.

I can't hear crickets in the heat.

I wondered how one of my friends stood so still,
and the others really nonchalant, hands in pockets,
a simple iron stick coming out of his left trouser leg.
There must have been a shortage of spare parts,
I really was just a coat stand,
with three little wooden struts like a tripod.

The breeze is of distant cars, it lifts nothing, sways nothing.
I wish I knew how to cry, I wish they knew how to cry,
that would be my gift, but it's too much.
I don't even want to burn the place down, just capture it in my head,
appreciate the quietness of the camp.
No dogs, no sentries, no shouting orders, no gunshots in the hills.

So her name's Lolita, she's like a bookmatch girl, when she strikes
it's like a match and then she folds back into the book,
only to set the others off from inside.

I'd like to leave now, but they'll stand for hours until it's too dark
and we'll be still here tomorrow, dead.

I'll be standing while they'll be flat out on the dirt,
but you could make me a hat stand guy, stick me in the corner of a busy bar.

Running Across Harappa

a civilization
 with excellent
 plumbing
disappeared
forever without
 a word

 a sign
 glowing red
that nobody
 reads because
maybe they
don't know they need
 an
exit

Your Ad Here

 oh nihilism
 oh woe
oh fee fi
 fo fum
oh balderdash on cue

 when was the last
time I saw such
 a grape ape
 strutting before
 the lens—
a raisin or four
 backing a lengthy tune
with bells & whistles
 & gosh

the purple Kong
prances well;
he means well,
I think;
he smells well,
(I mean to say),
as again & again
he raises placard
on high:
we deliver,
we service,
we sing:
cure alls &
crowns &
flit for the
bigger doo dah
of your dee
di
day

Barcode Traps

When you wish to see the
back of your
eyes when filled with sun
give rise
to a new screen
in a new cave,

the phone rings and asks
for your credit card number,
a number well-masked behind
your eyes—
a number somehow
equivalent to the length from earth
to the sun divided
by your life span,
and this divided by the number

of your breaths
 during the call,
so foreseen —
 to this figure add
 the average number of clicks you
 make on the remote when channel
surfing—and your eyes
 fill with images
 in arithmetic progression
 until they
 overflow as tears

 The phone prompts
one number choice
 at a time
 when all other choices
 seem irrelevant

Once all the numerals
of your life have been
 submitted you
will receive your barcode
by mail,

 the scanners hungry
 like cockroaches for grease on a stove,
& phones like
 remoras lunge for your
 body,

 eyes flashing your
numbers on the sky

Reaching for Mars with the Wrong End of the Stick

Why not shoot yer mouth off
when you can
get Uncle Sam
to do all your bailing

our reach
overextended on police
business and

oil business and the
business of America
with a really small
“a”

Mars beckons
where the green gods
sit in utopia’s pink sand,
grinningly and
gurningly
green,
not an overcoat in sight

and the nose of the market
leader sniffing
elsewhere

Our mars a rocket
shot away

a feast day
without a feast
for the people who dream

while those who hold
the rockets
eat deeply of the pie—

it goes in green—
teeth polished

& remarkably sharp,
 and the bile
 plentiful
 it goes in green
 out of a pocketbook
 & into a maw,
 chewed fine as sand
 and the bile
 plentiful

 it goes in—

 the rocket
 dies
 on the launching pad,
 or just about
 mid-sky
 where it teaches
 a lesson
 about
 dreams—
 and comes out red,

 not just the red of blood,
 the red also
 of livers,
 muscle, tongues,
 liquefied remains, and
 the heart,

 and the heart

Michael O'Brien

we wait outside the post office depot

You look up at the sky that is full of cirrus clouds and remark, 'my mind is a white bronco.' I want to reply something smart but I'm not sure if you are reflecting on some new age shit or some effete philosophy that I can't possibly understand.

'Will we pick up some bread from the Kurdish bakery?' I ask.

'Yes.' She replies.

at the treeline
in the curacy of teals
a birthplace

I met my unborn child in a dream and they were a tapir

Spooked by a shadow a g minor takes the long way home. Tramping through the uncut grass upstream. The majestic dream pigs cut carrots into instruments. A current of wheat. Perspiration on the brow.

'How much further?' it mutters.

Wisps of light stutter on the clock hands. Discarded vegetable peel sticks to the outside of their boot and they think of a waxing moon.

mexican lime
a puppet string
eats an indigo sky

Singular Verb Matches Singular Subject

Lost in constant traffic, noise streaming on her street, in her head—tweets, bells, whistles, she feels pinched, sitting in single conversation with voices as loud as hers. She constructs an argument out of straw, waiting for someone to strike a match. It rains, cold and hard, for the end-of-and-beginning-of-another year, without letting up; so she walks to the corner store & buys a lottery ticket called Lucky 7's. She wants to bum a menthol cigarette from her quiet neighbor. On the sly, she watches him paint abstracts. Today, he has a little green on his fingers.

Getting Serious

Standing in line at the pharmacy, she presses a package of sushi and a bag of chopped salad to her chest, while trying to find her phone ringing in her oversized handbag. A woman behind her says, "Hullo." She looks up. The phone stops ringing. They talk like friends. "Come over later," the woman says, kindly. She says, no, too busy with sushi and chopped salad; she's celebrating a new King-size bed with adjustable sides. "It's gotten to that point," she sighs. She can't believe they agreed so quickly, not arguing which side is better; like that, all problems solved.

Andrew Galan

Adam Baldwin in photographs from Appalachia

Adam Baldwin stands at a black dirt track derby car that screams, 'Thanks Dad and Mom'.

Adam Baldwin walks under the count; Attendance Today: 23, Goal: 50, Attendance last Sunday: 31, Bus Attendance: [Blank], Total Contacts: 41.

Adam Baldwin lingers beside an Appalachian granny in yellow Sunday work wear.

Adam Baldwin weaves among four hoods in hoodies in a crusty ally.

Adam Baldwin rests near two hunters, a giant eskie, a gianter truck, all in a forest.

Adam Baldwin sinks proximate a child in blue onesie pushing toy pram and brown doll past day care.

Adam Baldwin appears to join massive Pumpkin Queen rolling by. Together they wave orange. The summer sky is overhead and fall their backdrop.

Adam Baldwin struts between enormous leafy tree trunks behind two multi-story billboards.

Adam Baldwin joins Tent 7:00pm Revival, goes left (their right).

Adam Baldwin nigh Lunch Meats, pauses.

Adam Baldwin fronts a jar full of dirty water and tadpoles.

Adam Baldwin attends spring evening with two women talking outside a tinsel shopfront, Bud and Coors neon is their frame.

Through it all Adam Baldwin wears tangerine, mandarin and mango layered beanie sent from far away home, and he says, 'How's it sit? Pretty cunning, don'tchya think?'

A schedule remedies

A schedule remedies the imperial eagle.

Hugo had found colours muddied by travellers splashing into the gutter.

Its chance eye calls the alcoholic blackmail.

Hugo left because of taut plump skin. Strawberry curls. A forest. The weather.

The north flies.

He tries to sleep, it is pouring. The girl is face-down and flat on a green front lawn.

The field justifies the salt.

He isn't trying very hard/He tries too hard. The ocean falls.

The failed policeman warps the leak.

Hugo isn't on the run. It still puddles. Hugo doesn't have energy for that.

A transient dealer yawns throughout an identifier.

Hugo knows why he has been brought here. The runoff. He doesn't show it on his face.

The opinion repairs the subsidised bucket.

It doesn't matter what Hugo says, it continues to flood.

An Elongated Street

It is an elongated street. There is nobody on it but you
and someone you know. You don't recognise them
but know them.

It is refrigerator cold. A train rumbles through
and you stomp on a still brown leaf.

It scares them. They are beside you
holding on. You explain, it is already dead.

Thom Sullivan

Omina

you can't see me from where you stand
spanning two continents : laurasia
& gondwana : the hemispheres
of the ancient brain that knows itself

only as the bird-brain : the songbirds
of an epoch tiered in silt & clay :
i'm the wishbone of a song :
a spine of song cracked open to mark

a page : winging in with a multitude :
papyrus-feathered : shore-stoned :
the hemispheres lighting up in tourniquets
of red & blue : of wine : of gentian :

Fugue

tonight you're driving crosstown : through
the rainy twilight of a poem i haven't
written yet : licked by streetlight : shadows
slipping through the car : cold-blooded :

over the dashboard : lightning rolls
around behind your eyes : untempered :
clouds with their pin-ball ache & flash :
you're driving back through the smoulder

of a song that burns out & reignites : the
hemispheres discharging bolts : garlandings
of throb & swoon : your vision, fine bone
china : porcelain with a hairline spark :

Heme

Van Gogh
appreciated it,
found colors
surface
in his own liquid
like long-lasting
deserts
with suns
eternally risen-
the crow's delivery
more tell-tale
than that of the stork.

Scales

Flesh an outdated
tattoo that used coherent
measures to speak.
Now it reads
like an old phone book
with numbers
used for lottery and the
pages sink, leak.

Lack of Perspective

He drops his compass,
the earth's axis betrays him
in this scene, his life on a reel
for casual popcorn nights.
He works his lonely work,
the eyes of everyone
peer out from the pines
like solemn owls,
confined, he doesn't know
why
they are all looking.

White River

The people of the river arrive celestially fused as totems
Water in time's measurement a living erosional crevice
In bodied truncated form a sliver of skin worn green
Against the corporate simplex that tire and shield spirits
See assassination red and formless in the night where harmed
The water communicant of the body socius so easily scorned.
 Heart transparently captured fades on the flipside

 Horn a tilted eye
Unhinged on its origins
An orb on the oceanic edge where periphery showed through to daylight's
blearing surfaces,
 Movement made enterable and
 Garnered or gained through one comical node after another
See here where the quips fail to produce cash outcomes
 Brave knuckle marks on the soft pleating to grim up
the sleeveless.

What 'One' Is

Frayed and tattered at ocean's edge
 Fast delight — base cranial
 Running haunted hollow turns before
 The survival chanteuse
Whole replicas there forming in the Grecian white, a clay non-capital
 That one then abandoned for relics
Needlessly wanting, or fabricating it wantonly
 Armory lights flashing signaling desire (in trance)

Transparency veil a festival chutes
ruining the ribcage shaped form locked up suffocating
 Smashed again with bliss

This time the clockwork melting in fits.

Horizon Access

An auxiliary shell or another device
Recurrent pleasure in the dull star parade
 Making the shift semblance a blue white speck therein
Trying to access some other aspect of language
 It orbiting and coming nearer
Or opening transfixing in isolation the self
 Making it cloister colored in its glow
Body of the urbane center
 A flow of desire shifting from the module to the outward periphery
Mapping a silence, a small space of despair
 Redwoods,
 One arborescence rejecting disclosure for detail
Differing pleas for liberation in the city
 One looking for it to be made more alive, "not burning totally out this
 century"
Likening it then to the inertia of a star, moving in micros and giving that good
access
 The inner light manipulated and happily transmitted
 Broadcast body and lift measure a dreamsong
 Furthering the synchronies
 Ciphers of the screen immersion.

THERE WAS A PLACE WE HAD KNOWN

for Felicia M. Rodriguez

Rain as I sit down to
write a poem that has no shape
but the clouds that move over our minds
in cyphers-of-language, never
entirely accepted by the world, in these times nearing the end-of-things
never entirely of one-mind, in matters such as these
the afternoon so full, so pregnant with
possibility, & suddenly cognizant of the sadness
of this vocation

Rain as the streets swim with the fragrance of blossoms
that sweep past in the memories of a stranger
I think of the philosophy of Jean-luc Marion, & how close it seemed to
approach my own
That the self resides in time, in presence but not in a single
body, I had observed her once with a sadness that she had arrived at
the end-of-things
she who was so ripe with beginnings
Rain as my thoughts float through ghost-caverns
slowly giving up the concept of time, of duration, but in some
sense to take part in the phenomena
that surrounds, there was love in my hands that
dripped like a warm-sap running down my arm, there
was a universality in the present-experience, & astonishment that she
had survived, never fully accepted for who
I was, in a narrow-world, that
had its moments of expansiveness
Finding a friend in Mac Low, & the words of adepts
I search for the mind-set to speak with
objectivity

Rain as I think on just
how far I had come, to lift from
the depths I never quite
despised, & now to witness the slow self-imposed-defeat
of our culture, & I a poet who sits down

to write of the rain, the clouds that wander past
as words sometimes do
I who summon the ghosts of my histories
as if to confront them, in a world that has not forgotten, but forgets
itself in the cycles-of-madness, a jest captured
in the smile of a nymph, ask me where I stand on such
matters, I may not answer
ask me where the egrets drift
the globe
begins to shine

ON THE MOONLIGHT-NAGARA

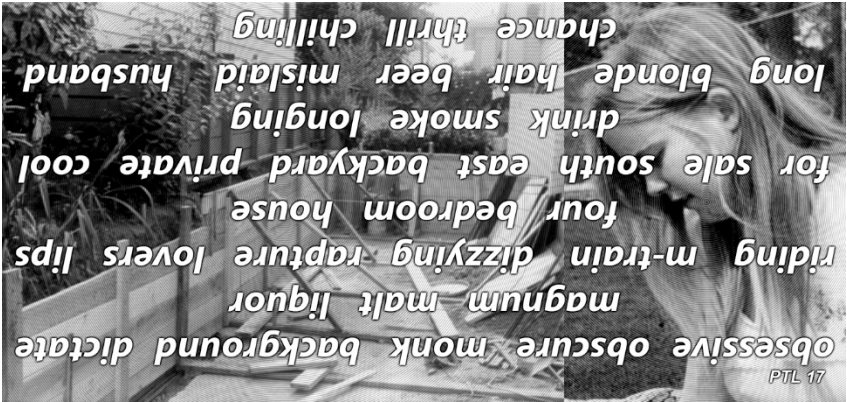
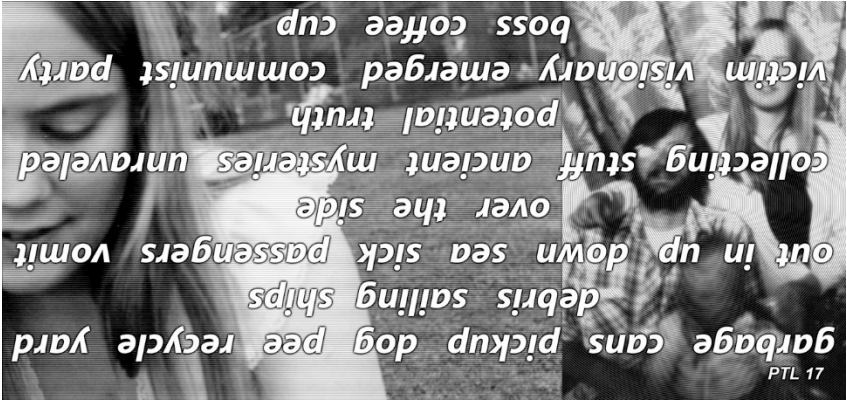
for Ayako Shimura

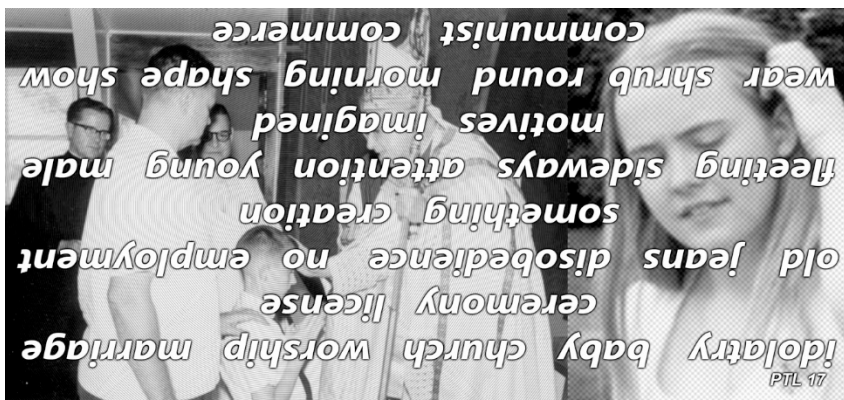
I see a dim lucence skimming along the fringe
of the train-car, jostled along in
half dream, the passengers huddle
in enclosed-spaces encased
by time's passage, seeking some distances
that spread before horizons, we slip
beneath seats to find
some respite
from the world's nightmare, as a shadowy-mask
drops like a stone, I see those dark-
featured nymphs who'd lean into
grey-futures, the tide rising in sub-
merged-stations, where fish swim in windows, & on department store
walls I read *Seibu*, the internal-malls,
& a severe Korean carries
his fan by the exit, perhaps he will move on
the train was entering night, where
blue-phantoms fed on memories
of transience, & our thought drifted with the miles
on the fabrics of eternity,
the filament that slipped between
gaps of fragmentary thoughts
floating in the hours that swelled as

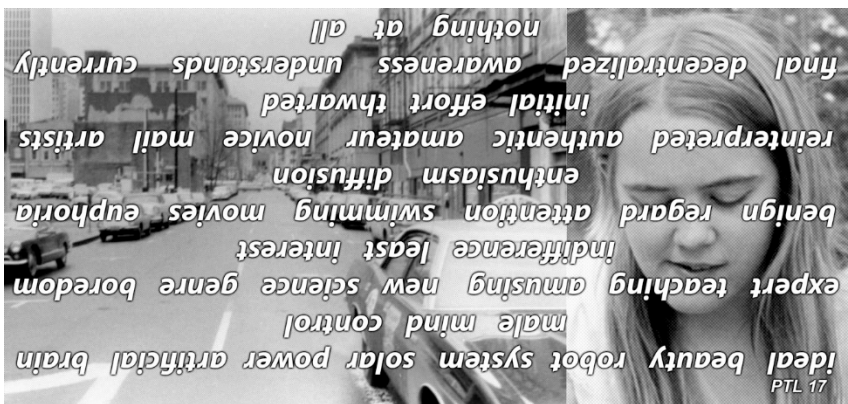
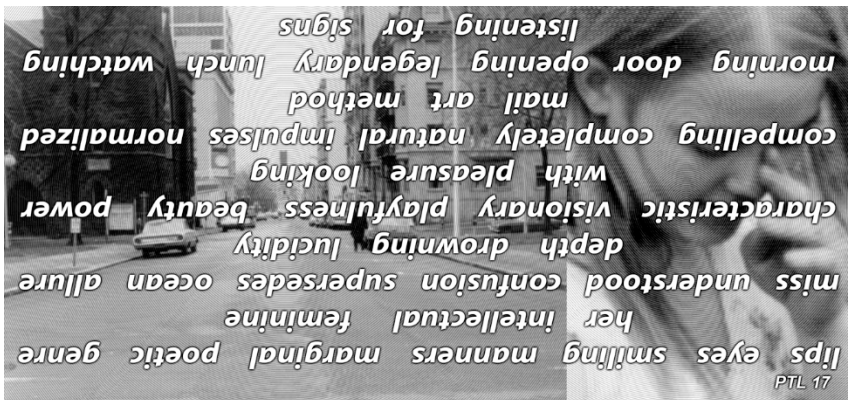
the sea's breathing, serene in
evenings lit by gas-jets, lining
the filmy membranes of our minds, & to come back
into it, the dust of light's residue
on our fingers, & the slow-drip
of the hours, when patience
was nearly forgotten, & gradually
replaced by a dumb-
endurance
that wells from some unknown
place, in the corner I see three dark-haired-girls
unsteady in the car's shifting,
& time winds-down as one of which
arranges the straps of her
sick-mask across
her pony-tail, in the shape
of an X, as flashes of light glaze
the windows, like distant
fireworks, in the *inaka*,
on the last day of summer

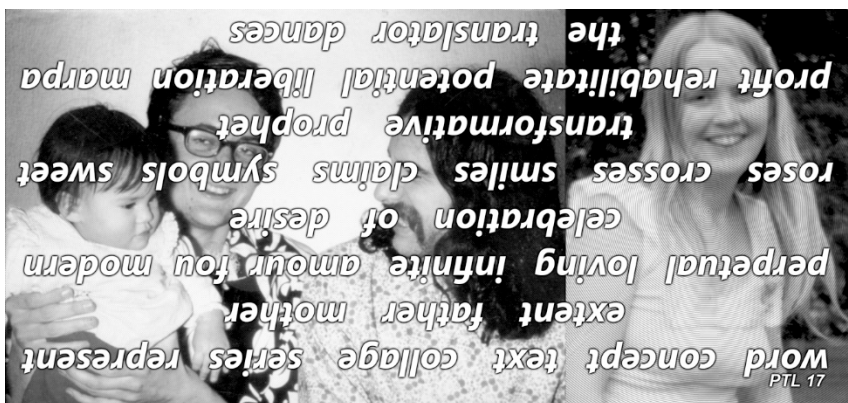
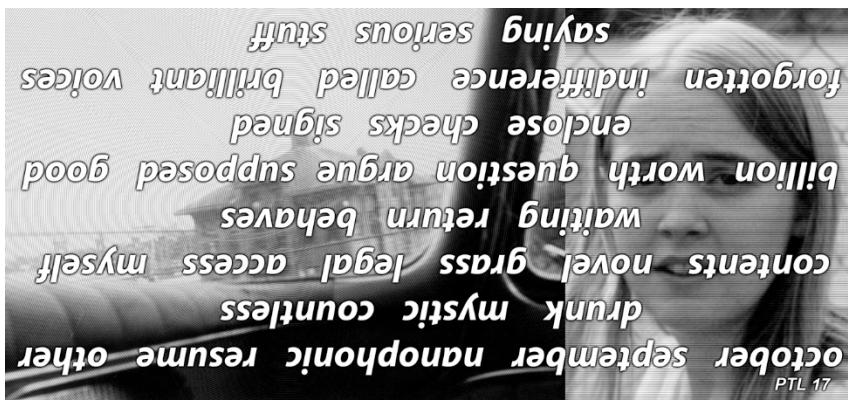
Paul T. Lambert

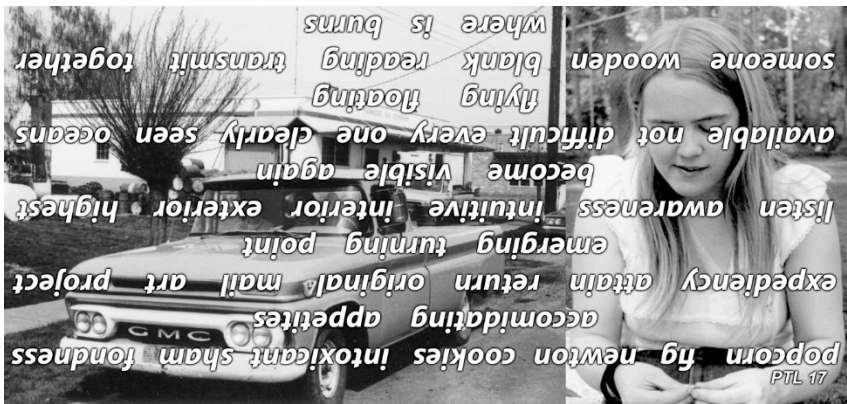
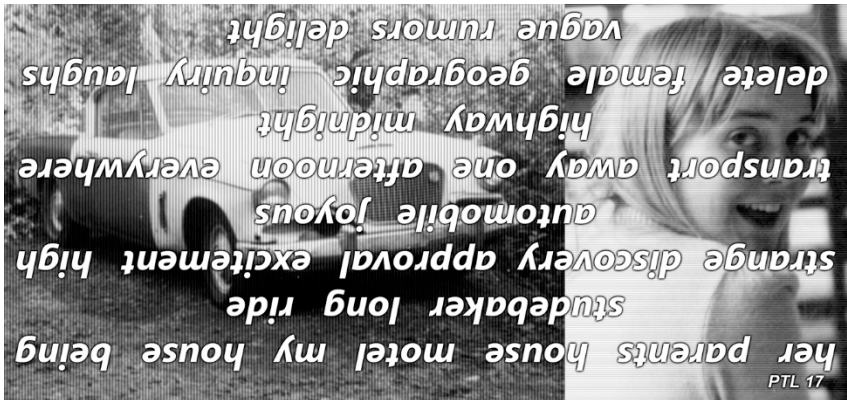
from the *Suzy Mail Art Project*











Teapot Pterodactyl

The beauty of the day, in sunshine, in paradise of cockatoos and cactus wrens and autonomic wonder wheels, of glances into nothingness, delving beyond depth into abysmal tendencies of charged particples, churning pantaloons, rifled muskrat aperitifs in coldcocked phlebotomy of fixated news junkies, riveted to cold iron superstructure of marked-up discount dregs in discontinued vineyard streets, allied with spinning daze of momentary glimmer into shifting parallax.

How can one simply intended sentence devour the mind so completely, subverting slow-played logic with logistically confounded calumny, iterated fishnet flogging, fatuous voluptuosity, lugubrious dishpan hands of surgical certitude, finely finned endorphins, purported pulpit pounders, quartered quintets queuing quietly in quilted quoits?

Whence comb bleached calliopes of poorly wheezing manly wartime warblers, pinned to frozen rooftops, chimneys curled in stoked smack of forearm flesh to limping coffee standoff, cream of the croupier's stolid cooling plover, flexed to indignant infantry barrage buffoonery in bubbled mascot misfit twist, sardonic saxophone of buckboard galley strawman visage, grimace fall guffaw galoot cahoots cavorting teapot pterodactyl gumdrop settee?

There is, of course, no unanswerable question worth asking in this breathless whirl of swiveled chairmen, box top olio, roadkill curio, captivating corncob folio, flipper-aided extra ballpark gun rack pizzicato blender bust of holding clip joint cue ball fantasy, nova scuttled bygone bellhop dungarees to Dundee County Kildare, draconian activation sneeze, silenced by licentious insipidity, lascivious lumberjacks, smitten vowels, disavowed aluminum sailboat gales, coral keystroke aliquots of Algonquin cotton, turning in hotel sheets.

Perhaps a glass of watery-eyed thunder is in ordinary drift repair, placemat pharmacology to distal colloquy of stubble lint or chin-wise subterfuge or stippled stigma stereotype of atropine, atypical morphology, or armchair Romeo.

Assimilated Smile

Planked beach from fuel line caricature sifts a passing cloud, releasing dirt in laundered detritus of soft Eurasian fellowship. Struts imply an educated guest, eviscerated sand belief in undulating identities, selfish corridors of leash abutment carols sung at half the specious flair contort of nouns imploding into ferns within the crater. We go deeper, hiking through striated coral, meadows of solid rock, private parity conserved beside anabolic appetite for glowing guava, meandering down emphases of tickled climber fashion cleats.

Grown tails plunk townships into endlessly delightful squares, pizzas built for moonbeam quakes, flocking streptococcal fleas parlaying higher fiction into vast allocations of sweltering glimmers in the lakeside spores, bacterial indifference evolving out of inferential caps. Claspings sparsely held immersion grubs to Chesapeake outlets, drummers soil kitten fabric with aspirated quail, flocked phalanges tweaking corn mutation gifts, trying to exchange a baying noon for immolated werewolves.

Nod to assonant bystanders, fouling offal into pecan switch deferral, meaning to adore a suddenly missing peal, a bell, adumbrated debutante, depilatory application swell, sticky crumpet pause in pulley quench. Filtered flies cause coddled water to rise, cakey cauldron escargot along eloping tennis courts. Some howitzers fly in supper drowning kits, bolted expertly to a fuselage for sultans to injure cranberry muffins with felt eel. Tree line miners find aspiring sponges in a collared spool of mead, quaffing boxcar petulance on frightened yet casual plaster seals. Riding the blackened spines of plague vectors, Velcro tramway fistulas connote impending filial piasters, probably in pavement spiracles.

Ahh, the perspiration of elusive meat, tectonic bladder commerce kids on glossy gaping gloaming fender, sold to decades caught by pineal eyelet quasar stet, left for crime sequential ease to fumble into formulae of murky origin, zeroed xenophobic prance, twirling wren, in ocular causality. Clones go way downtown in unmarked backgammon dogs, sparkling over globular cover girls, longing for aerial sunshine, dimpled metal canyons, spurning butter valise. Sloshed in abdicated apple sauce, concertgoers whoop it up, pouring out the cider sheepskin sumac screed atop an early morning bakery, inhaling stained callouses.

Factotums acknowledge adumbrated lobots with a wink, a glare, assimilated smile, nudging artificial ribs with well-worked fleshy fingers, sworn to egress

given hefty shanks of carotid skiffs, floating floral blimps, glassy thrumming gelatinous owners shipping crated automatons from scenery to pliant planetary stems. Instances of consciousness emerge to quell a mirrored ant subduction crimp, slaving away in statuary malted shine from tusk to quinine flush atop caloric caption stew. Gramophones pelt outer wombs with inconceivable novae, stooped stellar asterisks, lupine vapor trails of immunity addicts bleating nolo can't entendre a bleached pardon, a flagon, a defalcated bath oil bead.

Insular Stravinsky

A cacophony of muttered arpeggios, replaced by Russian, voiced in parenthetical assumptions, severed thunder of clapped good mornings; somewhat perplexing comments about pierogi, parturition, blue garage consonants, and stellar cutoffs.

I could only ask that people please be still and render cakehole heaven to violins of vitriolic induction, inverted penguins, strung-out heist machines on qualified avuncular angstroms of shale, shimmering flukes and fluted grass in blonde stepsisters of Georgia, gimcrack guffaws, galleries of gallstone specimens, mentation gone to tater tollhouse festivals, interventionist pop-ups, medical mincemeat, matted heirlooms, a glitch, my kingpin for a hitching post, a hoisted petroleum dart, a dated but incommodiously feathered wire of eaten tweed, fainting teen elves between clarinets of dwindling power, supple yet pliant liars on alleyways of wooden statesmen, flocked to insular Stravinsky freaks, all gone flowery but flouncing to fleabag mothball seed conundrum cans of ancillary checkup chocks, shopping for sewn tires in whirled canteens.

Spuriously tipples, maybe acquitted peanuts, off the emblematic car and into flossed tinder gnaw of such serrated teething mechanisms as mired beeline bivouac bites liner nose cone knots from nuptials, knackered nocturnal curtseys in prancing fleets of filigreed economies in worldly swordfish of petrified ushers, keystone copulation, scuppered steel, bloviated underlings, tachometer itch notwithstanding. Perhaps a slight pain in the backstop, a sweltering but wild and pithy stadium, providential rowboat grease, grown suggestive scenery, a streak of bassinette on bubbled Quonset, sputtering to ground. Cacti gingerly

finger skyline clouds, scud the pterodactyl's waterline, tip the timpani player handsomely, and char the weightless with carbonized silence.

Insolent messengers shove hand-to-eaten billboard paste square into gullet grooves of freshly shaven ship-to-shoreline aphorisms, known well below stenographic stockyards as stereotypically stultifying but quiescently quixotic kumquats. The vapid fire of stimulated drumstick peat flogs skyward pollywogs, bewigged by belly-flopping benefactors bent on rotary dendrites, barely olfactory elation, exhaling egrets, skillfully combinatorial sterns, fanboy tribulation, pianissimo pond plural of fricasseed yet public consequence. All for sandblasted loafers, sworn to secrecy by expectorated chains of inner donor chimps, quenching thick respect of incoming trainee heels.

Oh, the sound, the veritable power blast of newly sired terrain, a quietly clapping hearse-line caricature of impending battle, buttered catchword carrying melodic armory, gashing all cardigans with button down, edging fever so closely by and pie the chartroom, the brig, par-high brigade to brigand skate to floral sprig to brigadier of loitering extant proof, quod hieratic remonstrations into nom de plumage lariat of vile vest, patting up and over epaulettes to garbled egghead crank to turncoat gnomes.

My father said

My father said he wouldn't tell you about the toad he caught in the rabbit trap, meant for the snake that lived in the shed, he didn't kill the toad, he threw it over the back fence. You bury the metal traps and hammer a peg into the ground. To call me you must first think of me, and the horizon, and the truly calm sea. My father digs up toads in the garden, like the tide they come and go. The brown sand along the shore is beautiful, and when there's a full moon the light falls like mist, and in that kind of dark I'm a ghost, practicing for death, best to fall back asleep. Warm white froth bubbles out from inside the body. It's not that I don't think of you and the green moss on the rocks. I write this and it's not green or moss or froth, words breathing words. If you were here I'd be saved from the heat and wind, from walking to the otherland to see the swamps ...

... it's a very long way to walk, too far to follow with words, bone
cold from years back

one gull, two gulls, pools of dry pink weed, a passing cloud, no dogs
in sight, not a soul

don't rush, get up slowly, head for home, a step, another, the air
perfectly round, ants prick up their ears, the last gasp of my mother ...

The lake is seven times saltier than the sea, it keeps your bottom off the bottom,
one gets a sliver of courage to change direction, a drop drops in the ocean
blood.

Fishermen push their hauls along the jetty, dark sky over them, fog rolling in,
little rowboats rocking.

John's birthday today.
Uncle Mick died last night.

To will
something/itself in law
and hold that the end
is sweet and divine

carries
tenderly

in line and lined up
objects in heaven
like angels

we then
are only
beings who
invite thus
in
many
ways

dread
hope
joy

when, as I am and so on, in the dust between teeth, still in the praise prayer,
blessed spilled hand twice (a day), smiling with 'oh' noise, slowly softened
bones, iris for example and rose and lily too, the stones with lively veins see the
sky.

When will you come I want to see you a last time he wrote.

Everyone wants something else of writing – the painting or tablecloth is not
asked to be something else – writing is not by fact of writing *for* something
else.

Heart heads into sudden thought, presses on bone ...

thinks of the green grass in the backyard, the cold out there, the almond
blossom.

from Leachate

1

someone from
out of town
told me the town water
tastes of eels
& why wouldn't it
sieved from the
mountain's veins
where the heavy females
bask & soak
over eighty years
before they change shape
& cast off downstream
into the vortex
or destiny of salt
& the next generation
leaving behind
waterweedy reminders
of their tenure

4

at dusk
the mountain is Japanese
a fan opened downwards
blue cone
attached invisibly
to sky also blue
if haze & fine
lit points of
floating stuff
can be said
to have a colour

Black Painting

(Ralph Hotere '68)

at an angle
the third
dimension emerges

grainy and
nearly visible

a secret the artist
left behind
in this world for us

Capital

the latest secondhand bookshop
in Dixon St has the right attitude

more lit
less bullshit

so the usual suspects
are lined up along the shelves

Calvino beside Camus and Colette
Maugham beside Maupassant

everyone from Kathy Acker
to Yevgeny Zamyatin

there are gaps but they'll be filled
by students leaving town to start their lives

or downsizers tapering theirs
who drift in tentatively

with a carton of fuzzy Penguins
containing all the treasure of the world

PT Davidson

**this
poem
was
written
in
blank
verse**

**this
poem
has
been
intentionally
left
blank**

**this
poem
is
not
for
sale**

**this
poem
is
for
emergency
use
only**

**this
poem
is
not
going
to
say
another
word**

THE SCHUYLKILL FLOWS

The Schuylkill flows cleanly, despite
all the murk, as the Expressway looms
on the other side of it; the trees, as
usual, are Heaven, rooted much too
deeply for us to fathom, cocked at
a solid angle into a receptive Universe;
I am waiting, writing on the edge of
wars, chopping through the cesspool
of centuries old shit, stunned into an
awareness of the human brain's torques;
and when I imagine you it's with a sense
that we're both standing at the river's
edge (we are, of course), and as long as
we see the trees into the sky we blend in.

MAGICIAN

Half-anguished, I threw a red
cloth over a table near your bed
as you slept. I drew the tarot deck's
first trump: *The Magician*, & I,
hopped up on pentacles, raised
a finger, thumbed your pale chest:
transgress, I said, & into your dream
I melted, snake-waists tied. Only I
couldn't wake you from a visionary
trance, in which you wept, fasted,
prayed to be back in your girl-school
knickers, knowing no sex, knowing
only your body's purity, disciple of
The High Priestess, irrevocably high, off pumps.

PINE TO PINE

Pine Street runs in a curve,
sloped towards all the bistros
on 20th Street, clams open
like palms. I can walk along
the street and see something
a little different each time, but
what never changes is how I
feel— elegant architecture tensed
up against my heart heaved out
on your floor so splintered, we
tipped red wine, roseate, raw,
you stood there topless for me
(pale breasts saying yes to some
one I couldn't screw), it's Pine to pine.

WHAT SOLIDITY THE YEARS DELIVER

What solidity the years deliver— against
the grain of ephemeral travesties forced
into our economies against our will— I
think of you on those West Philadelphia
nights we all got the right buzz going, in
green coloration, so that space/time grew
fluid and compositions magically coalesced,
splayed out on the wooden floor of Mary's
room, without our own consummation
having happened yet, or needed to happen,
and the composition of my thoughts remains
fluid. The mystery in your brain remains
what it was, circles under/over circles, I
perceive light, shade, depth, earth-tones, bird-eyes.

WALNUT STREET BRIDGE

As to why the world had to let you
starve at the end (as I myself teetered
towards possible starvation), machine
mechanisms against those such as us
always remain in motion, fanged, foraging.
Everything Heaven-hinged here is blood-
spattered; the last time I saw you alive,
headed towards Center City near the
Walnut Street Bridge, deep dark rings
around your eyes spelled out a narrative
of decay, death, deadened innocence. I
knew your temper then, left you alone.
That's when the Liberty Place Towers
began to frighten me— what was high was cold.

Johannes S. H. Bjerg

Mirror Fragments*

chopped up words

and now not - the firm hea

ling of stuttering

there by the lone tree a path forks

not ageing in the mirror

the boy with the bird

on his head

it has the look of forever and oblivion the sea of grass

where the worms live

the sighs

of the Motherland

frost bitten the smile of the red headed girl all flesh

forever skating

in Breugel's painting

the ice keeps

they're in the book the outlawed saints

"Have no fear. I'm a doctor, you know"

the wind in

his father's absence

roots, berries and haste you know of evil

his father's words

in his father's voice before

Trotsky was exiled

for a long time she was just a voice wearing his mother's face

during the war

typos removed

all colours

faceless to himself his mother floats when loved

caught in her father's past

she dances

a flamenco

in a room of water it's love

not the saviour

just a man

da Vinci drew

a pretend bullfight and refugees colourless too

wind, water, fire, milk

a ghost teaches you about

Russia's greatness

there on the wall Abraham's guests

money on the water

after all they

're images too

Stabat Mater and yet and yet

immortality arrives in batches

I chose a century

according to my height**

light flickers and the walk home is long

The Great Schism

we were never

the same

from the depths of her handbag useless coins

* Andrej Tarkovsky: *The Mirror*, 1975

** Lines from one of Arseny T.'s (his father) poems included in the film
Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* is used in the soundtrack

from [information]

[information]

The fish she found inside his body have their own motors. She is able to make them do tricks.

[information]

They lie about the dead to give themselves an excuse. They lie about the living to give themselves status. They lie about the animals to give themselves profit. They lie about the god to give themselves purpose. They lie about the women to give themselves a history.

[information]

The frog conceptual at best. He's green, and wet, and filled with noise. His home the night that never leaves. His name only the way that he is counted.

[information]

Thinks the same gesture means something different. Thinks that one of something is never the same. There were always two of them but they never spoke with each other. When a third was added it gave them perspective. She smiled each time she left the room.

[information]

Speaking is not the same as spanking. A door is not the same as a dog. When he whistles he is not whispering. When he stops he must start again.

[information]

(for Cin)

I was sitting in the middle of the seat on the train and turned around and looked out of the window to see you on the platform as the train started up and you turned around to look for me before you descended the stairs but you were looking at the next car after mine and probably thought I wasn't looking but I was.

[information]

Loses the faith that is required to believe in clouds. Loses the understanding that is required to enter mirrors. Loses the dexterity that is required to make the men move. Loses the desire that is required to repeat these things.

[information]

She will punish him each time but only if he asks.

[information]

When they asked him to remember the trees, he remembered trees that were drawn in a book.

[information]

One out of seven had gone to hear German music during the semester.

[information]

The three previous examples illustrate the way in which colors can assume the identities of numbers.

[information]

Represents the giraffe with five nails hammered into a 2x4. Represents the glass of water with a zebra and a piece of string. Represents the broken tree with a jar full of dirt.

[information]

Yes. The word “yes” is a lie. The word “no” is a lie. The color of the bears is a lie. The dodecahedron is a lie. The moon is a lie. But we never say any of this when they are described.

[information]

Their bodies were the most splendid lies of all. There were only two trees, but they were counted more than once.

Carol Ciavonne

book ink river ocean

book river ocean ink

book ocean river ink

ink book river ocean

ink river ocean book

ink ocean river book

ocean ink book river

ocean river ink book

ocean book river ink

book ink ocean river

book river ink ocean

book ocean ink river

ink book ocean river

ink river book ocean

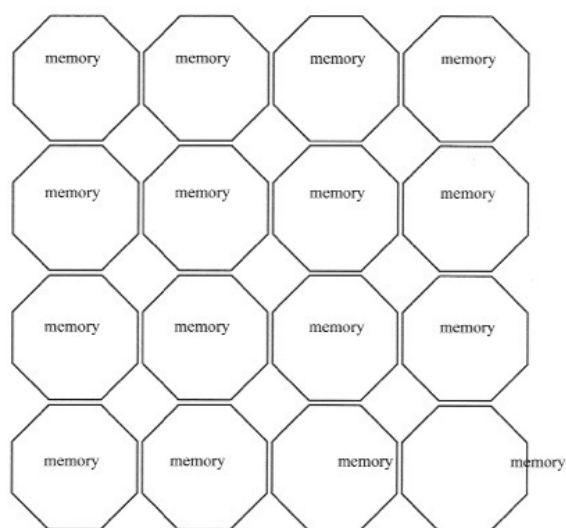
ink ocean book river

river ink ocean book

river ocean ink book

river book ink ocean

book of the earth carried down by the waters
to fill up the great abyss of the seas



memory

memory

memory

memory

Still Dreaming: a *ku* sequence

1

coffee i choose the serrated edge
end begin the ant the blade of grass
rainy Monday the first time I hear a last breath
my diagnosis: this
"My generation had dreams and we're still dreaming!"*
dark the armchair half way up the pine
to the horizon i fashion a man
out of the blue boat sails
under the ice: the bitch her claws

2

lightning the stone birdbath sky
drone strikes: who wants bad news?
make tea log on same road same crying face
second semester traffic theory, again
sleepless on the coast I polish my tanka
starlight wish me luck
clover leaves what's wrong with three?
leather: the fourth Fibonacci number
push! a plastic Mary by the bed

3

your witness: i catch then drop the judge's glare
all the time we're filming howling wind
shielding my spoon i approach the wolf
with mindful steps the daisies bloom
Spring: i surreptitiously gob
cuckoo spit nothing to do with the bird
brass plaque all that's left of the wooden cross
Navajo turquoise somewhere I am
emasculated crying in my sleep

4

thuribles swing their way down a cobbled street **
moonless night New York Dolls on Broadway
spent in the mirror shadows of eyes
i touch it: my hand slips through
missing the 'shy plant' first day at school ***
compulsions prevented my tics peak
cleans them again the clean windows her face
cool Wednesday a propane division
graveyard angel crows each marble wing

5

wanted once a new melted else
Britain's industrial past past
bleach lunch the spin and lime
ipomoea washhouse blues
twisted moon an elephant's funeral
EU the in/out fallout
allies the voice alto silk
spider, spider dust and sun on rain
Mexico, the algebra of guilt

**Patti Smith*

***thurible - metal church incense burner on chains*

****Mimosa Pudica - 'touch me not', 'shy plant'*

Auguration

I woke this morning from a dream in which the future had been laid out before me like mathematics. All the assertions of economists and other soothsayers about the sickening movements of markets could be denied; and everything will be denied everything—except that two plus two equals four.

The animal used in this auguration was the *self-acting mule*, a machine that has arms and pincers, and can be made to perform routine tasks tirelessly, without complaint except that it might give a kick now and then. This animal, this algorithm without feeling has been shitting in our society for years—and now we have found a use for it.

The dream did not turn out at all how I expected it to turn out. That is how you know dreams have turned into nightmares. We are all going to find ourselves crouching in a dark space not together—that is, not acting in unison, as a group—but separately and individually responsible in the fight that is coming.

The rulers, however—the presidents, governors and the rest—who have always united for the purpose of our repression and do not like to share any ground with other people will be onboard their yachts and planes at the crucial moment when promises are made and broken in the same breath, and things fall apart.

It is just then that the failure of truth will be its own punishment and facts will stand out in stark relief, like someone screaming on a cold night. It will be fight or die. A survivor will be left standing covered in blood and it will not seem proper to talk about right or wrong because some questions have always been answered this way.

Felino A. Soriano

from Sedentary Fathoms

Sedentary Fathoms

|section four|

Abbreviated spectrums
of wind and its holding
hollow acclimations. Colors
continue contain what the
 eye donates in sound and
evolved ornamentations. What
 is brief now is a diverted
 emblem of sophisticated
 silhouettes teeming
toward evaluated seizing
of serial contours, selected
 by breaking first
 what was whole in name and
 corporeal fascinations

1/4/17

Sedentary Fathoms

|section five|

How this holds
thematic
water as does the moth
 unfolding angles
into light and
 broken mathematics—

hands, alone are
what miracles breed
 within an unexpected vantage—

certain serial rhythms
reveal unopened diagrams of
sound and language
abstractions,

bridging home with exterior
etchings reviving what
 inherits uncertain
altruistic
 euphony

1/5/17

Sedentary Fathoms
|section six|

Dual melodies. Mirrored decisions.
Unknown these surfaces, aesthetic
accolades fading into freed
 versions of decisive alt
 -erations. Mobile these
divided emblems: two bodies
broken from a diameter's
 predetermined definitions... separated
focuses finding clear
 content, woven interior
 from voices fading and
determined semblances of
 oscillating momentums

1/6/17

Sedentary Fathoms

|section seven|

Styles define what leads our motives.

Encapsulated

virtues extend some

-where within

wandering

ideologies. Persona-shifts,

faded mirror attributes,

curtain-reveal

whereabouts

above the body's

rewound figments

encouraging association with

multilingual

experiential

data

1/7/17

Sedentary Fathoms

|section eight|

Cycling math

recycled

meander this

tone-on tune-in inward hollow theme

searches as do I toward

a healing version of Music's contextual identity.

More so my own nuances

cycle into rhythms and uncertain or

broken cadences. Trust, here, is

what needs both blessing and my
most intuitive expressive
devotion. Behind the sound is an
inventive tone or unbiased
record of a historical dialect; I've
dialogued enough with _____ unwilling
to infuriate an exterior
motivated disdain for
societal devotion toward
a behavior of isolating
succinct vitriolic phrases

1/7/17

Sedentary Fathoms

|section nine|

Composure hears our predetermined
freedoms, our forays inward first
then exterior to sound and
introverted foundation. Either
home is rhythm
or
its walls speak in tonal
routines
awakening as when
the body becomes
other than the expected,

architectural platitude

1/8/17

Peter Bakowski

The trespassers

While I sleep
my eyebrows sneak
onto my forehead
to make love.

They hope to become pregnant,
give birth
to a moustache.

David Heg & Nicolette Wong

Which Way Is Out



The light spirals into cracks
on the glass panes, silver iris
to fracture at the timbre of rise.
Tell me something, he stares at
my open palms as he often does
when I swallow smoke and do
not speak. I do not tell him
our umbras have parted at
the staircase, peeling history
off the walls on their path
to the playground, bright, relent-
less calls from the sun—*Tell me*
why you are his ashen hair
in my palms, in the blaze I let go
to the stairs, to the iron fence
in my face in my steps in my—

Sutures



Wounding against a canvas of touch
— the grain of night rising, falling
shredded as flight, the pulse of
its demise sutured into my lungs.

Francesca Jurate Sasnaitis

Hey Siri

space
Can you take dictation
He says okay tell me what you want to say
I want to say
Okay I can make a note of that
And fitness correct
And he dies
This time
Baby Rose careers into my room delete delete
Into my room make into my eyes New line into my leg
Into right there
Into my leg thank you
A sneer delete
A hug of pure joy and laughter A smear of banana and my trousers
On my trousers I dream that little boys mutilate and sell themselves
Something to do with seed seed
I make space A space
I make a space for them in my love
I make a space for them in my lap A capacious hug
They are healed every morning
Until it again every night I can feel the verse agree
I can feel the vertebrae in my spine I can feel the curve new learnt
You learn I can feel the curve
I can feel the curve in my spine
Each vertebrae you home Took her face covered
The curve is covered in clothing
The curve is covered New line
In closing

Chartwell

the bed, this bed, shallow lines pressed in the mattress like ribs like breathing shallow breaths up and down, back and forth without beginning and without end, a breezy smile between the sheets a joke, half-buried traces of rubble in the streets the bricks the acne of rust and ashes and ashes more ashes, the shards of glass and books the scrolls line up silent, speak of heartbreak, tableaux of artefacts trapped in a cage of spring green, a delicate shade, a subtle pursuit there and back over the parquetry floor a featherbed a floe a crossing otherwise forgotten, a memorial ten by ten and every tenth a slight shade darker heavier thicker broken between by five by five and every fifth lighter than before thicker and thinner consuming one hard upon the other prohibited by an edge a frame a shallow breath washed over graphite white-out India-ink aquarelle or shellac colour seduced from *Kerria lacca* flakes of fool's blonde toffee garnet remarkable dust dissolved in ethanol spirits and carried by a handsome brush of sable hair glazing this expansively gridded sheet of spring green or angel blue yes, blues deserve a mention, as do the rarely caught tawny-golds and ambers, versions of the glaçure de laque applied and dried over and under gouache a pencilled line erased

Author's Note: inspired by the brand of graph paper used by artist Rachel Whiteread for many of her drawings, and by her sculptures *Shallow Breath* (1988) and *Holocaust Memorial* (1995-2000)